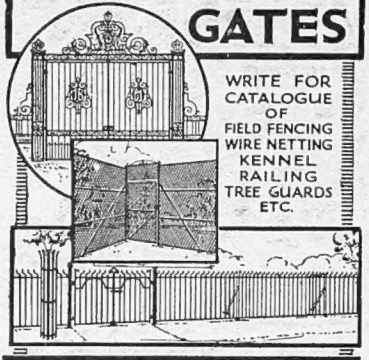
THE BYSTANDER, MAY 24, 1933 VOL CXVIII, No 1536

The BYSTANDER

SPECIAL FLYING NUMBER

IMPERIAL AIRWAYS
FOR SPEED AND COMFORT

IRON AND STEEL FENCING & GATES



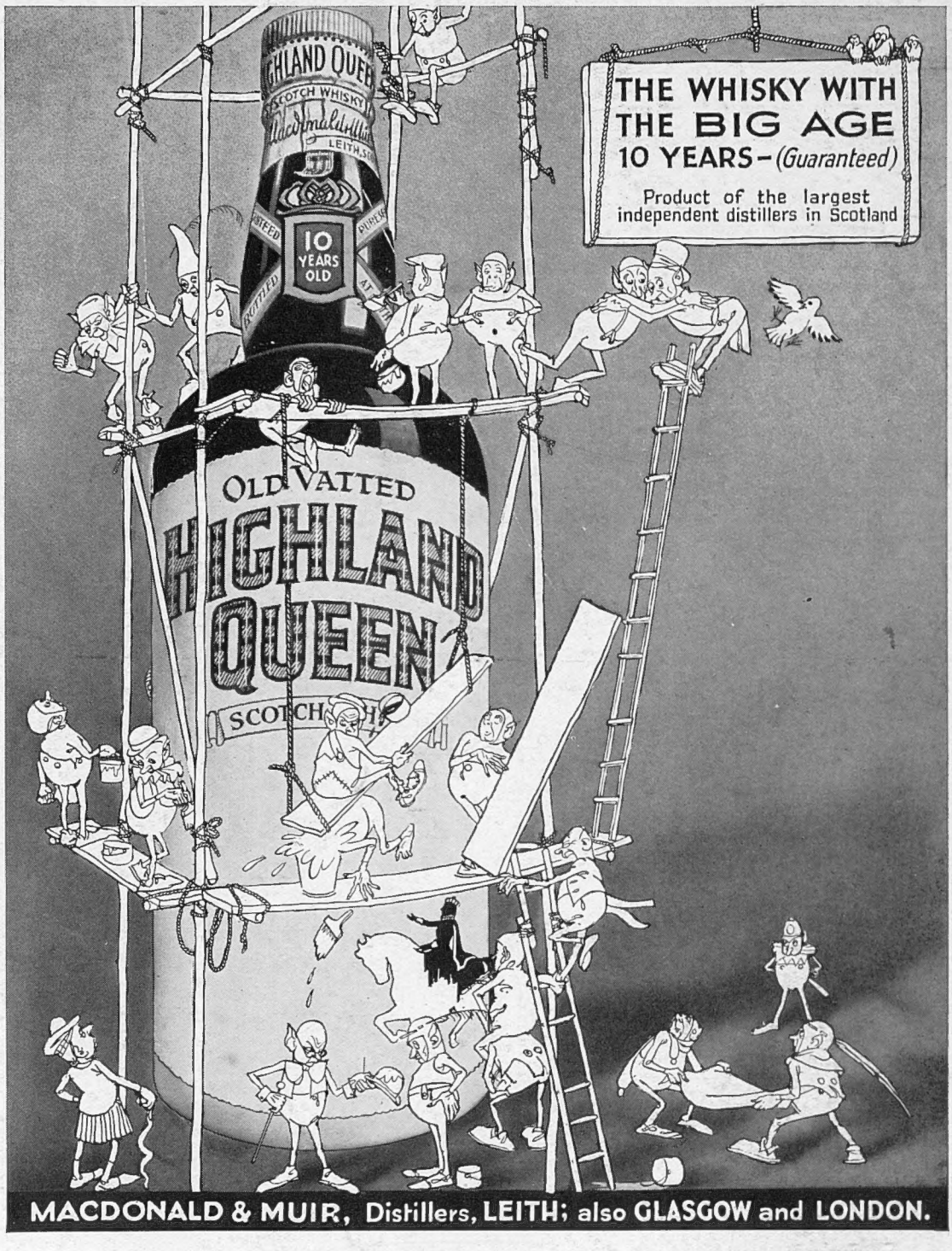
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE OF FIELD FENCING WIRE NETTING KENNEL RAILING TREE GUARDS ETC.

BAYLISS·JONES & BAYLISS LTD.
WOLVERHAMPTON AND 139/141 CANNON ST. LONDON·EC·4

SUTHERLAND ARMS HOTEL, LAIRG - SUTHERLANDSHIRE.
First-Class Family and Tourist Hotel.
Come to the real Highlands of Scotland and stay in this beautifully situated hotel overlooking Loch Shin and surrounded by the finest scenery. 40 Bedrooms. Electric Light. Hot Baths. Large Garage. Private Lock-ups. Fishing and Boating. A handsome Lounge facing a glorious view of Loch and Hills has just been added.
Fully Licensed. Terms from Manageress.
'Phone: Lairg 13. Telegrams: "Comfort, Lairg."

HAY FEVER
STOPPED and PREVENTED

If you are seeking freedom from the tyranny of Hay Fever you should secure a copy of
"HAY FEVER—ITS CAUSE AND HOW TO STOP IT".
The only treatise exclusively devoted to a study of this complaint. The information it contains is the result of intensive research and besides dealing authoritatively with symptoms and their causes and how to avoid them, methods of prevention, etc., describes **the means whereby sufferers can definitely get relief and enjoy immunity throughout the whole season.** Free on application to **PICKUPS LTD.** (Dept. C15), 130/42 **Smedley Street, London, S.W.8.**



THE BYSTANDER
346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 8020.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve months, including Double and Xmas Nos.	Six months, including Double Nos.	Three months, no extras.
At Home ..	£3 3s. 0d.	£1 11s. 6d.	15s. 9d.
Canada ..	£3 1s. 0d.	£1 10s. 6d.	15s. 3d.
Elsewhere Abroad ..	£3 7s. 6d.	£1 13s. 9d.	17s. 0d.

In all cases including postage.

ORDER FORM.

To the Publisher of
The Bystander,
346, Strand,
London, W.C.2.

Please send me The Bystander
weekly for.....months
commencing with the issue of
.....
for which I enclose.....
Name.....
Address.....
Date.....1933.

Postage Rates: INLAND 1½d. CANADA and NEWFOUNDLAND 1½d. FOREIGN 3d.

Cuticura Soap

Keeps your skin at its best always. Pure and containing the medicinal and antiseptic properties of **Cuticura** it soothes and heals as well as cleanses the skin. For regular daily toilet use in the home there is nothing better.

Price 1s. Sold at all chemists.

The Bystander, May 24, 1933 No. 1536. Vol. CXVIII.

The BYSTANDER

"ORPHANS OF THE STORM"—1933

Miss Penelope and Miss Angela Dudley Ward, two of Mayfair's loveliest sisters, appeared as Lilian and Dorothy Gish in the Famous Film Memories Ball, which was held last week in aid of the Princess Beatrice Hospital

The Passing Hour

"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World

John Everard

Right: the Hon. Mrs. James Rodney and Lady Carrick at the opening of Suzy Ltd.'s new premises at 70, Grosvenor Street, which has been taken over from Lady Forres, who was at the dress-show-party too

Cocktails and Clothes

Flowers, All Flowers

THE thousands of people who stood in the Mall on the night of the Third Court enjoyed an amusing spectacle. Many of the débutantes and their mothers did not realise the changed time at which they were allowed to park their cars in the Palace quadrangle, so the earliest ones had to circle round and round for about an hour and a-half—the strangest circus ever seen in London. As each car tried to turn in at the Palace gates, a police officer diverted it, with the result that they circled round the Mall and Admiralty Arch for the unconscious edification of the watching crowds.

ONE of the big dances of the week was the Flower Ball. Interest was added to this by the attempt to gate-crash by a number of flower-sellers, who had heard that their sisters at Piccadilly Circus had been specially invited, and wanted to take part in the fun. It was interesting that the two old ladies in Piccadilly Circus, who see the world passing by year after year, were more interested to meet Lady Anne Rhys than anyone else in the country. They duly met her.

Dorothy Wilding

Miss Diana Tyrrell-Martin

Miss Diana Tyrrell-Martin, who was presented at the second Court by Lady Capel-Slaughter, is the débutante step-daughter of Colonel E. M. Liddell, of Broad Oak Manor, Bexhill-on-Sea

Sasha

New Drinks for Old: A Party in a Buttery

Right: the Hon. Mrs. David Tennant, Prince Bishnu of Nepal, Mrs. Jackson Taylor, Sir Herbert Morgan, and Mrs. Forrester Agar, who were all at the opening of the Buttery (or Botterie) at the Berkeley, the latest cocktail and snack bar in what used to be the wine-room

On the left are Lady Dalrymple-Champneys and Lady Anne Rhys in the real-flower decorations which they wore at the Flower Ball. More pictures of this charity dance are on page 320

AMONG the other guests, several of whom took part in the tableau, were Miss Jeanne Stourton, Miss Regis de Oliveira, Miss Eileen Brougham, and Miss Dorothy Hyson. It looks as though the vintages of two, three, and four years ago still hold their own.

ONCE again I saw the Sweenys last week. They were lunching together at the Savoy Grill, which thus proves itself to be the place where East meets West. In other words, the best rendezvous for young husbands who work in the City and young wives who live in the West-End.

because she was filming first thing in the morning. Jeannette Macdonald, too, went to bed early. Thelma Todd stayed up late. Hal Roach, famous for his "Rascals," danced energetically. Beatrice Lillie and Gertrude Lawrence upheld the Empire.

I AM sorry to hear of the illness of Lord Charles Cavendish. That is the second operation he has had in a few months. He is now one of the four people who figure in "Debrett" who also supply a famous restaurant as caterers. He supplies the salmon, Lord Blandford chickens, Lord Adare lobsters, and Colonel Fred Cripps the powder and cosmetics in the ladies' cloakroom.

A Wedding in The Blues

Mr. Eion Merry and Miss Jean Crichton, daughter of the Hon. Arthur Crichton, leaving Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, after their wedding. Troopers of the Royal Horse Guards, Mr. Eion Merry's Regiment, formed the Guard of Honour as well as lining the aisle

Swaebe

At the christening of Mr. and Mrs. de Winton Wills's daughter at Lady Wills's house, Littlecote, near Hungerford: Mr. John Wills, Mrs. Feilden, Sir Duncan Orr-Lewis, all godparents, Mrs. de Winton Wills with Edwina Sylvia, Mr. de Winton Wills and Venetia, his elder daughter, in front, and Mrs. Gray Horton, another godmother

Left: Mr. David Arbuthnot and the Hon. Elizabeth Kemeys-Tynte, the only daughter of Lord and Lady Wharton, were married last week at St. George's, Hanover Square. Mr. Arbuthnot is the son of Major and Mrs. J. B. Arbuthnot, of Myrtle Grove, Youghal, Ireland

LONDON seems to have been nothing but film-stars and débutantes for this past fortnight. As fast as we export actors and actresses to Hollywood, just as fast come American film artists to London. So far, no hostess seems to have collected them. No doubt, when Marlene Dietrich comes here, Lady Colefax or Lady Cunard will give a party for her.

JOSEPH WAGSTAFFE, the cabaret entertainer, gave a supper party for thirty people at the May Fair the other night. I found myself in a bevy of stars. There was Bébé Daniels with her good-looking husband. There was Sally Eilers, who went to bed fairly early, however,

ANNA MAY WONG'S début as a cabaret entertainer at the Embassy was an interesting experiment. I think it would have been better had she sung in Chinese all the time. When she sang in English, it was not so original, and the words of one of her English songs would have been better in a language which everybody does not understand! She looked very beautiful. Among the crowds listening to her were Mrs. Bryan Guinness, Sir Stanley Hewitt, and Sir William and Lady Jowitt.

It was Lady Jowitt who pointed out to me that the French woman with greying hair and a completely backless

(Continued on page ii)

"Spot the Stars"

Who was Who at the Famous Film Memories Ball

Above: Mrs. Redmond McGrath, who took a party to the Ball, and Lady Annaly

Mrs. Albert Van den Bergh, who was another hostess of the evening, is with her daughter-in-law, Mrs. James Van den Bergh, who came on from the Fourth Court

Lady Phyllis Allen, who is the second daughter, was at the May was held, and was in the same party

Lady Lindsay-Hogg, looking very attractively Japanese, appeared as Sylvia Sidney in "Madame Butterfly"; she is with Mr. Murrough O'Brien

Lady Eleanor Smith doubled for Raquel Mellor in the film version of "Carmen," and was photographed having a few words with Commander Locker-Lampson

Lady Maureen Stanley and Lady George Cholmondeley watching the parade of film-doubles together. Lord George Cholmondeley was the Master of Ceremonies of the parade

A couple in mufti, and not selves were Lady Scarsdale latter was another of

Earl of Lovelace's Fair, where the dance as the Earl of Bective

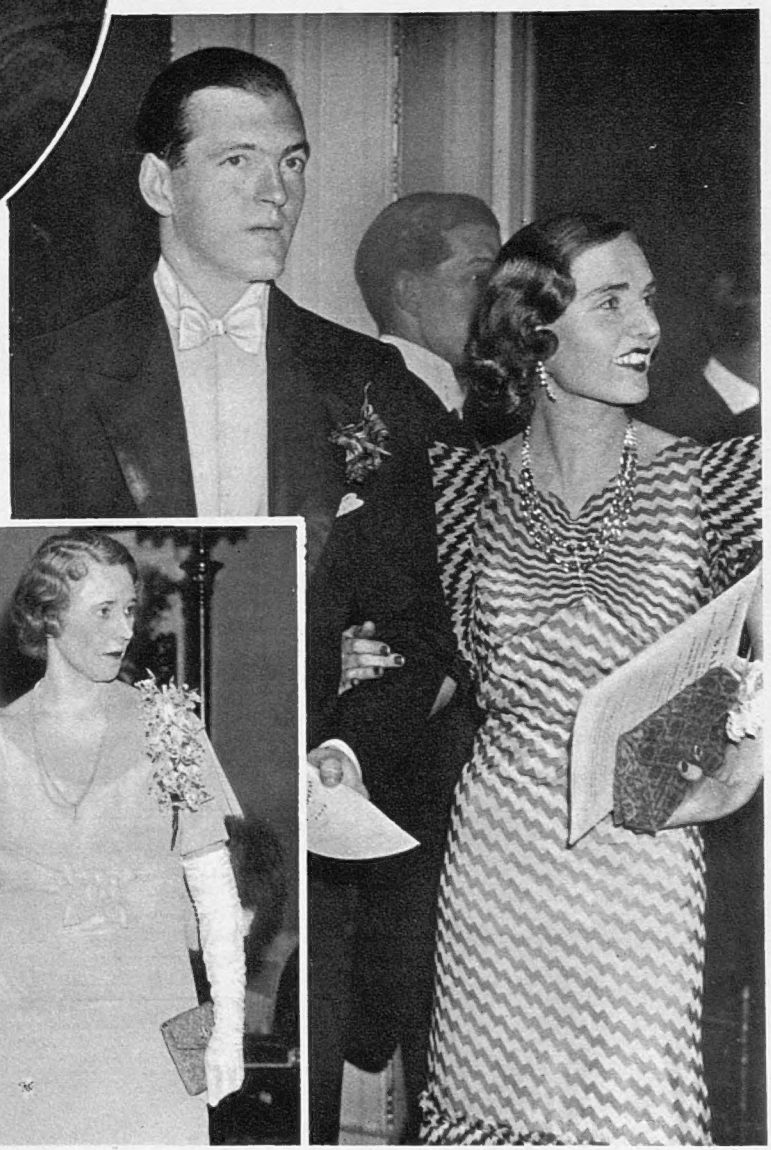
Right: Mr. William Gardner, Miss Virginia and Miss Mary Ridgeley Carter were another trio at the Famous Film Memories Ball, which was organised in aid of the Princess Beatrice Hospital, and, like all the really well-done charity dances nowadays, was a great success. "Spotting the Stars" in the parade of film doubles was almost as much fun for the watchers as deciding who they would be was for the people who were taking part

Three of the "Audience"

"The Sign of the Cross" and "Bulldog Drummond" dancing together: Miss Irene Mann Thomson as Elissa Landi, and Lord Selby as the "Bulldog," i.e., Ronald Colman

appearing as anyone but themand Mrs. Victor Saville. The the party-givers for the dance

The Countess of Birkenhead and the Marchioness of Linlithgow, who were the organisers of the Ball, watching, with critical eyes, Mayfair, in its Hollywood disguise, pass by on parade



Mr. Rollo Hoare and Lady Plunket, who appeared in the Pageant as La Rosita in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse"

A Racing Reverie:

La Belle France

By "Regular"

"You 've raced a lot in France; what 's the essential difference between racing over there and in England?" a correspondent enquires. Well, in the first place, there are no French Regulasses. (Filles régulières, I believe, means something quite different.) No, in France they simply don't exist, the only women who go racing at all regularly are English.

Imagine racing in England without Mrs. and Miss Clayton, Mrs. Featherstonhaugh, Mrs. George Lambton, Mrs. Vandy Beatty, and Miss Norah Wilmot, to mention just a few of the fair sex, who are just as regular in their attendance, and twice as knowledgeable, as any of their male acquaintances.

Gordon Richards, on Miss Orb filly, looking round while winning the Lansdown Plate at the Bath Races, where he brought off a treble in one day and totalled forty-six winning mounts for the season

The French racecourses are laid out with flower beds, and their paddocks are a blaze of colour. We point with pride to Lady Weymouth, Lady Stavordale, Lady Carnarvon, Lady Evelyn Beauchamp, Mrs. Arthur Smith Bingham, and Mrs. Elizabeth Murphy, and say "Who wants flower beds?"

No, I have never met a Frenchwoman who knew which end the horse kicked with, and this is very apparent when you go into any so-called paddock in France, because you will see them clustering round their hind legs like ivy round a tree, and it 's always a marvel to me that about a dozen of them don't get done in.

I 'm not pretending that French women don't go racing. With Auteuil and Longchamps almost at their front doors, a race meeting is the best possible place to show off their clothes, but not one in twenty will even buy a race-card. This is not due to native thrift, but to a total disregard for anything except their own and someone else's hideous clothes.

A shower of rain and they 're all back to Paris like scalded cats. On Guineas day last Sunday, as it rained in the morning, few came, and so we were spared the sight of elderly mannequins, beetling off home, before the rain, which has already ruined their complexions, could also ruin their unsuitable garments.

The only French women who get at all worked up about the racing are the jockeys' "little bits of nonsense." In England, these little men have large wives and correspondingly large families, but in France, apparently, this is not the case. However, as the jockeys believe in treating them rough, and telling them nothing, and, as they are mostly of a class not especially renowned for its intelligence, their views on the sport of kings are not of any great value.

The doyen of the Regulasses in France is Lady Granard, though, truth to tell, I can never think of Lady Granard as a lass any more than I look upon Lord Granard as a lad. Lady Granard is a very fortunate lady; she has two lovely daughters, who are as nice as they are lovely (very rare this); she is very rich, she has two very high-class horses in Scolopax and Cappiello (the latter won in a trot last Sunday week), and she also has Lord Dumfries as a son-in-law.

Just as Mrs. Clayton is the Queen of the racing community in England, Lady Granard rules the roost in France; but whereas Mrs. Clayton's rule is a democratic one, and she converses with all and sundry, Lady Granard believes in keeping herself very much to herself.

"Perfide Albion" was very well represented to see Rodosto put up a record in winning the French Two Thousand, having previously triumphed in the English race. Besides the Granards, whom I have already mentioned, I saw Lady Mary St. Clair Erskine who, happily, bears no traces of her bad fall, and Mr. Philip Dunne and his charming wife. He is master of the Warwickshire, and they hunt all the winter and race all the summer, which means they don't have too bad a time.

The Dudley Gilroys were as pleased as Punch, as Mrs. Gilroy had won the first race with her filly, Partition, ridden by Charlie Elliott. This was the first time her colours had been successful. The Esmonds were even more pleased when their filly, Bipearl, won the French One Thousand. She had run very well in our One Thousand, but well as she looked on that day she looked even better at Longchamps. She won convincingly, if not easily, and she may come over to run in our Oaks. Even if she does, I shall not support her to beat Betty.

Bipearl's price tumbled down from 7/2 to 7/4 just before the off, and I wondered whether Mr. Jack Clayton, whom I saw there, had taken one of his views. This result makes our fillies out very good indeed, while the French Two-Thousand result tells us little more than we knew already. All we do know is that the form is in a terrible tangle.

Mrs. Livingstone-Learmonth, Lady Portman and the Hon. Mrs. Gerald Portman, some of the spectators who saw Gordon Richards's fine riding at Bath, as exemplified on the left

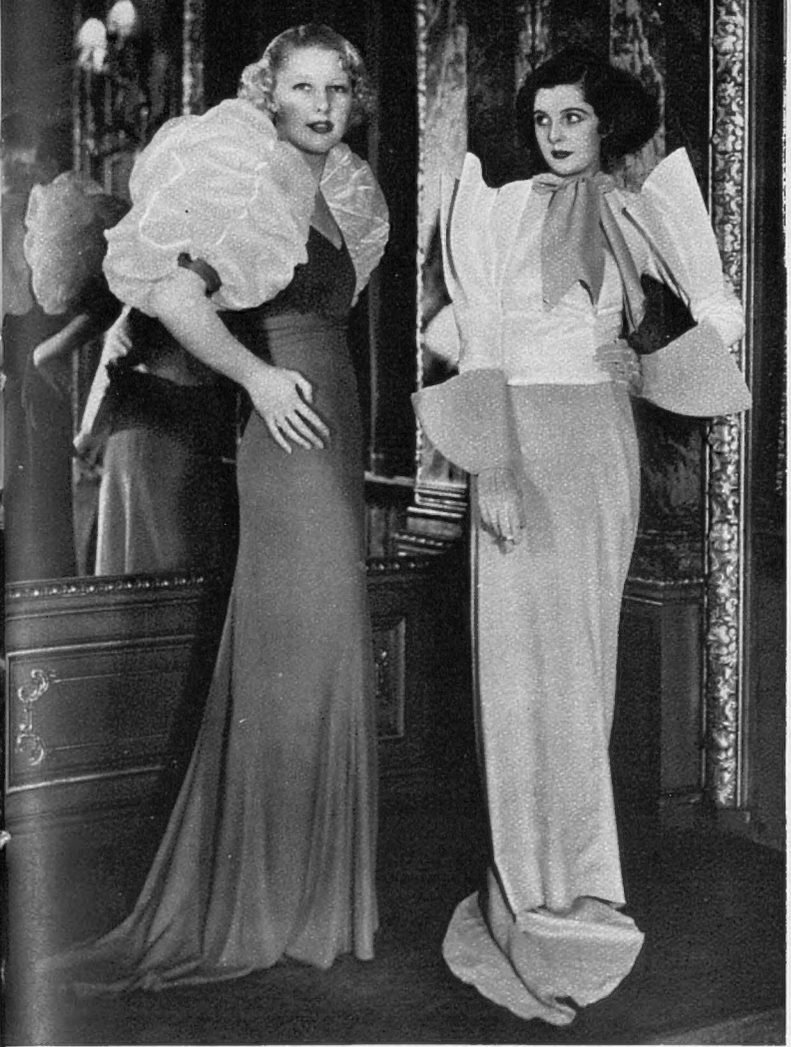
Rodosto was only opposed to three horses, but they went a tremendous gallop. Jumbo led to well in the straight, when Rodosto passed him on the bit. I thought he would then win easily, but Elliott had held up Commander for one long run, and timing his effort to perfection, he got upsides with Rodosto. The latter, however, refused to be beaten, and in a great finish went away again in the last few strides to win by half a length.

The Princess Faucigny-Lucinge was naturally tremendously pleased, and Rodosto is now a certain runner for the Derby. Previously I have always had doubts as to whether Rodosto would stay, but he has won both Guineas, and both races were run at a cracking pace. I think he will stay all right, but my doubt regarding him is that his two very hard races, plus three journeys across the Channel, may have left their mark.

Good things don't come along so frequently that one can afford to miss them, and those who don't turn up at the Carlton on Thursday night, June 1st, for the third party held by Nash's Club, will miss a real good winner. Having been at the first two, I know the fun. Tommy Graves and Frank Covell certainly do know how to run a party, and as they know everybody who goes racing, everyone you know will be there. Tickets are a guinea, which is exactly 3*s.* cheaper than the entrance to Tattersalls at Sandown.

Fashion Calling . . .

A Few Camera Studies of Victor Stiebel's Striking Clothes designed for "Music in the Air"



Enormous gathered sleeves of white organdie form a startling contrast to the dress of scarlet shantung which Margaret Neeson wears, while June Spencer-Dyke looks charming in a gown of turquoise blue and a coat of white piqué which has exaggerated shoulder-width achieved by huge sleeves. Her gloves are also of white piqué and both dresses have trains

White piqué is the leading material in this group which shows Angela Litolf in a costume of black flamisol and white piqué coat and hat, and Winifred Talbot in a purple shantung dress which is accompanied by white piqué accessories — belt, bow, and gloves

Left: Stephanie Insall looks enchanting in a blue dress with sleeves of fitch fur and a sash and bow of white organdie. As you will note, Victor Stiebel makes a great feature of large gauntlet gloves

Left: white crêpe with black and green striped panels make a striking combination; so does navy blue and white ciré satin with cape sleeves of blue and white organdie

Right: the fair good looks of Margaret Neeson are shown to advantage by her white dress and blue coat which has a yoke and sleeves of a material printed in stripes to resemble zebra fur

Photos by Dallison

Above: Miss Pamela Nicholl, who was one of the sixty-four performers in the "Pageant of Living Flowers," having supper with Mr. Leiter

Above, left: Miss Dorothy Hyson and Miss Irene Mann Thomson with the wreaths and bouquets of real flowers they had for the Pageant

"Buy My Pretty Flowers"

The Flower Ball at the Dorchester

The Eros Tableau and two Piccadilly Flower-girls

Above: Miss Isobel MacLean buying flowers from Lizzie Sanger, who, with her "colleague," Polly Pye, took part in the Eros scene at the Flower Ball

Left: Miss Jacqueline Castellani, the Hon. Eileen Brougham, and Miss Mary Ridgeley Carter as they appeared in the Pageant. The Dance was held in aid of the Margaret Street Hospital for Consumption

WAR—OR PEACE?

The Leg Theory exposed in all its complications. An exclusive photograph hitherto banned by the Australian Board of Control

Leg Theory and Body-line

"Eddie" Tatham Speaks . . .

THE SAGA OF A GAGGED SOUL

• Read, for the first time, the whole truth about the M.C.C. tour by the man best qualified to reveal its inmost secrets. Copyright in all countries, including the Polish Corridor

At last I can speak to a waiting world. For weeks I have been "like a torrent in summer half-dried in its flannels," padlocked and pent up, gritting my teeth and weeding my garden, but now, with "just enough to cover a sixpence" and a good gargle, the floodgates are opened and words can flow from my long-sealed lips like an autumn spate.

All through these weeks of silence, it is the little woman whom the world calls my wife, but whom I call Pal o' Mine, and sometimes, on wet afternoons, "Poots," who has kept up my courage with her loyalty. Only the other day, when lying in my bath, chained to the soap, with closed lips and crossed toes, thrashing like a land-locked whale and considering an offer from a Sunday Paper, it was she who shouted from the parlour, "Have patience, Man o' Mine, the World will wait, and, besides, another Sunday Paper may offer you more." How right she was! Oh, those cruel, cruel, Australian papers! They accused me of not being a sportsman! I, a white man! In fact, I have only once seen a whiter man, and he was ill. I would never say or do anything that wasn't Cricket or Football. Or, perhaps, Hockey; and at all the Public Schools I attended I was known as "Fair Play Fred." One particularly cruel paper hinted that my Mater had really never known my Pater. Luckily, I was able to nail this on the head on receipt of a cable from the Mater. "A gross exaggeration; met your Dad on a choir outing and once again in the Park. Love, Mum."

I have been blamed for the "leg theory;" as a matter of fact, we often discussed legs on the voyage, and all had our theories, the Captain's being particularly interesting. Once we began to discuss bodies, only the Captain said we must draw the line somewhere, so we drew it on the body; here at last is the copyright inside truth about the leg theory and body-line.

It is also untrue that we were disloyal to our Captain, or that we ever had an angry word or looked cross at one another. Every day we rose at dawn and had ten minutes' hard loyalty, followed by a "get together" shower and rub-down; the rest of the day was spent in little acts of friendship, such as reading each other's letters, borrowing nail-scissors and stealing each other's razor blades.

Sometimes, when we loved each other more than usual, we would make each other apple-pie beds and we always put more apples in the Captain's bed out of loyalty. It is a wicked fabrication that I spread raspberry jam on his pillow. Once when we had a tiny tiff I peppered his porridge, but when I realised this wasn't quite cricket, I blew it off and passed him the sugar.

In Australia, those of us who were not selected to play would congratulate the others, then write to our wives and explain how glad we were and what a good thing it was for cricket that a better man had been chosen. Whenever the jeers and boos of the crowd made us feel a little distrait, we realised what a wonderful game cricket was for creating a bond of love between the Mother Country and her Colonies, and that we were all Ambassadors of Goodwill.

Sometimes I felt I was being hypnotised by the crowd; wherever I looked, there were eyes, eyes, eyes, and several nose, nose, nose. Only once, though, did my savoir faire, je ne sais quoi and whiteness leave me: I was chasing Bradman round and round the field, throwing the ball at his body; he was terrified, but the faster he ran the faster I ran, and at each step the crowd roared: "How do you account for your astonishing vitality?" "Zam-Buk" and "Yeast-Vite," I hissed back, turning a slight lobster-breath pink. Those were the only two harsh words I uttered during the tour. I sometimes used to scribble a few on my shirt as I bowled, but always rubbed them out when I returned to the Pavilion.

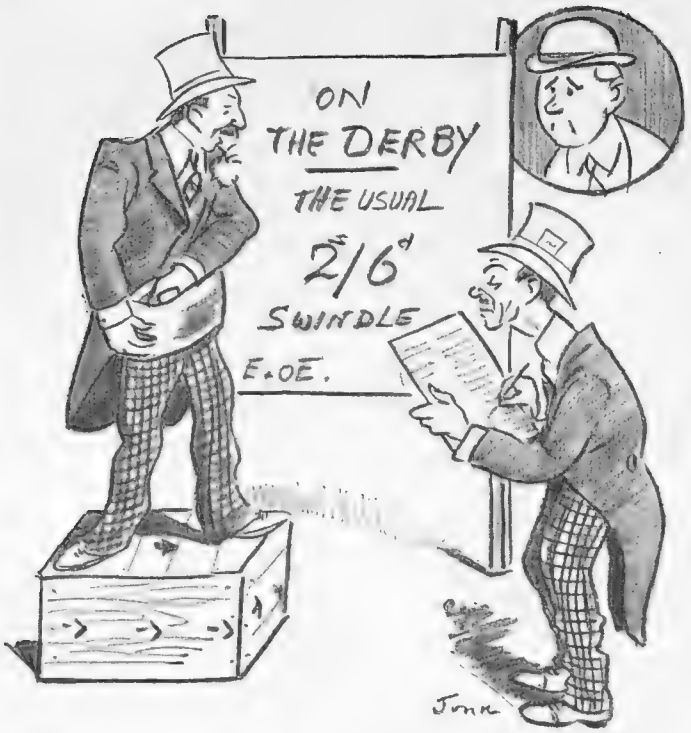
Perhaps the most beautiful moment of the tour happened when I was aiming at Woodfull. Suddenly, above the roars of the crowd, came the drone of an aeroplane containing Ramsay MacDonald and Amy Mollison on their way to some mountain. They circled around and slowly dropped a Union Jack and a picture of the Metropole, Brighton, and these two emblems of the Old Country gave me fresh courage, and I scored a magnificent shot in the stomach.

Let us end on this happy note; I had meant to keep silent, but now that I have spoken and the pay is so good, I feel I must write a book: I owe it to the world. I also owe it to my Tailor, my Wine Merchant, and the Milkman, so I shall write a book.

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk": Caricatures by "Jonk"



The Old Firm
(A Previous Winner—inset)

SWEEPSTAKES to the Stock Exchange are like buns to a baker; they are tossed off during the week or two before the Derby as lightly as the floury gentleman tosses off the small fry of the bakery. The most important of the House sweeps goes by the dignified name of the Stock Exchange Members' Mutual Subscription Fund; for many years it reached an enormous total, no less than £1,000,000, and one year was actually richer than the famous Calcutta Sweep. This was in the days when anybody's client could ask for tickets, and many an obliging member would find himself £1 or more out of pocket before the draw took place. People are notoriously forgetful about sending small cheques, and this sort of loss of memory used to be so widespread that some of the large firms found themselves with losses on the sweep running into four figures. Several big firms used to set aside a special staff to deal with the applications for tickets.

THE attention of the Home Office having been focussed on other privately run sweeps, it was found advisable for subscriptions to the Stock Exchange sweep to be allowed only from members, and the number of tickets sold is now limited. This satisfies everyone, except, possibly, those forgetful clients who can't so easily mislay their memories when the Irish sweep is their goal. The chief of the original organisers of the House "Mutual" was J. J. Hamilton; he is no longer a member, but two former colleagues of his still are—T. C. Read and W. J. Molison—and they are now the joint Hon. Treasurers of the Fund. Ten per cent. of the takings are given to charities, and very large sums of money have been distributed in this way.

THEN there was the "Crippen," another Derby sweep, which got its name from the remarkable likeness of its founder to Crippen himself. He is not in the House now, but his sweepstake may or may not continue to commemorate him this year. It was a five-shilling affair, got up in the industrial market, and a good business-attracter. Another very popular sweep of more recent date is the half-crown one that Cecil Waldron and his partner organise before the big races of the year. Besides these, there are any number of lesser events got up locally in the various markets on the day of the race, no organising profits being made, of course, from any of the sweeps in the House. There are always two or three lucky people about who can't seem to help winning, and if one of these takes the cash twice running, they 'll be sure of a fine ovation of boos and cheers.

IT takes a lot of courage to be, do, or look anything out of the ordinary in the House, members one and all having forgotten the nursery aphorism that "it 's rude to make personal remarks." However, for anyone who succeeds, it is a certain way of getting known and being remembered. Gerry Koch de Gooreynd had a poor time when he first came into the House wearing his eye-glass, but he persisted bravely, and with perfect good humour, and now he is allowed to wear it in peace.

GOOD humour under provocation is essential; the Stock Exchange memory is incredibly long, and jokes are handed on from generation to generation. There was once a member who appeared wearing a top-hat which, for some reason or another, came in for rather violent attention, and was smashed up. The member became furiously angry, called everyone names, and went out and bought another hat. This went the way of the first, the member got angrier and angrier, and finally broke away, saying: "Anyway, it doesn't matter; they won't remember." But he was wrong, of course, and to this day has his words thrown back at him when a chorus starts shouting: "They won't remember! They won't remember!" There is still a periodic wave of foot-stamping in the House, as a reminder of the long-ago day when someone fired off a revolver, and every soul stampeded for the doors as fast as he could run.

IT was a pity Berdoe Wilkinson didn't win the prize with the dress he wore for the fancy-dress competition on the ship he went cruising in. Our previous estimate of him as being something like an actor was evidently farther from the mark than we thought. To change the subject: What is the date of the annual cricket match between his indoor and outdoor staffs?

THE flag-day season is well under way, and if anyone wants a guide as to the size of his donation, he ought to follow the example of Percy Quilter and one of his partners. Percy Quilter, whose generosity is well known, was going to be away on one of the regularly supported flag-days, so he said to the partner in question: "When the flag-seller comes round, give her £5 from me if she 's pretty, and £2 if she isn't." The partner took a look at the flag-seller when she duly arrived, and holding the balance neatly between the claims of beauty and charity, handed her over £3 10s.

THE suggestion that the purchase of fifty Stock Exchange shares should entitle a proud father to name a basin in the new washing-room after his son, was a pretty thought. And, by the way, how is Sargent Minor getting on?

T. C. Read
The Sweep King

"Wild Justice" at The Vaudeville

After being acquitted for one murder, Gabriel Perry (Henry Oscar) attempts to add a little wife-murder to his bag, a crime which is only prevented by the unexpected appearance of the guardian angel. On the right is the guardian angel referred to, and, as you may perceive, he is no snowflake; Alfred Atkins as William Kent. Below, on the right, Godfrey Perry (Alan Wheatley) blithely commits perjury for the sake of his father, and is badgered by Sir William Trull (Ronald Simpson). Dr. Summers (Bryan Powley), who has also had a dose, looks on sympathetically

Popular Plays—Picked and Potted

"Fresh Fields" (Criterion)

IVOR NOVELLO'S happy-go-lucky charade, featuring Ellis Jeffreys and Lilian Braithwaite in a blue-blood sister-act, good for a laugh a minute. Ellis, dry and incisive, plucks the paying-guests, while Lilian, that drooping lily, vague and virginal, gradually succumbs to the Colonial rough-stuff. Advance, Australia, and snatch our surplus spinsters!

"Wild Violets" (Drury Lane)

FUN in a girls' school on the grand scale, complete with Swiss mountains, hearty students, the Albertina Rasch Girls, revolving stages, and Charlotte Greenwood, the long-legged drole. Cunning effects by Hassard Short, lusty singing, and every tune a good one.

"Children in Uniform" (Duchess)

FUN, now and then, in another girls' school (Prussian). Too delicate and lovely a bloom for facetious potting. Still the most sensitive and moving play in London—and at cinema prices.

"Ten-Minute Alibi" (Haymarket)

ANTHONY ARMSTRONG'S ingenious thriller about a nearly perfect murder. Touch-and-go for a charming dago-killer, who sets Scotland Yard and the audience a pretty problem in chronology. If you were a whale at those school-problems about the hands of a clock, here 's a chance to polish up your mental arithmetic. Robert Douglas, Maisie Darrell, Anthony Ireland, and the Clock.

"The Brontës" (Royalty)

HAWORTH with the roof off, or the drama of being undramatic. Unlike the three legendary sisters, this sturdy specimen of biographical drama will not die young.

"He Wanted Adventure" (Saville)

BOBBY HOWES in rousing form as his Cinderella self and his piratical ancestor by turns, in what, but for Wylie Watson's Boy Scouts, ballerinas, a musical Mate (Raymond Newell), and other trifling mutilations, might still have been Walter Hackett's *Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure*.

SKETCHES BY ROUSON

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides : By "Big Ben"

Two more competitors in the Parliamentary Golf Handicap Meeting which was held recently at Walton Heath. Mr. R. Nall Cain, a plus two golfer, and Lord Hampden

Sir Thomas Inskip, Sir Victor Warrender, and Lord Balfour of Burleigh, winner of the event in 1925 and 1927, three competitors in the Parliamentary Golf Handicap held at Walton Heath

INDIA is still the question of the hour, and, from all the signs and portents, likely to remain so for some time. It is always difficult to gauge public opinion, but if the resolutions of the Conservative constituency organisations mean anything at all, the leaders of the party are certainly not interpreting the wishes of their supporters.

MR. CHURCHILL and Lord Lloyd must feel satisfied with the start they have made. The Government are not too happy. There was a rumour last week that Mr. MacDonald had threatened to settle the question once and for all by going out himself to succeed Lord Willingdon. I don't think that is what Mr. Churchill and Lord Lloyd want.

THE man who, in the face of danger, seems to have disappeared, is Lord Stonehaven. He is the Chairman of the Conservative Party, whatever that may mean. Anyway, he is responsible to Mr. Baldwin for the constituencies. Did he warn Mr. Baldwin of what to expect? Or didn't he know? Or, again, were his warnings disregarded?

AMONGST the irreverent, Lord Stonehaven is known as "little Johnny-Head-in-the-Air." Mr. Baldwin chose him for his present post when he had been out of England for five years as Governor-General of Australia. Before that he was in Mr. Baldwin's Cabinet; so was Lord Irwin. If Lord Stonehaven is using his influence with the constituency organisations, he is using it to support Mr. Baldwin. But the Central Office, of which he is head, is not Mr. Baldwin's office; it is not the National Government's office; it is the office of the National Union of Conservative Associations. Lord Stonehaven is in a dangerous position, but he does not realise it.

INCIDENTALLY, what could have been more tactless than his introducing Sir Rennell Rodd into the House of Lords the other day? It did not pass unnoticed in Marylebone.

I AM sorry that Mr. E. T. Campbell has been attacked for putting to paper his views on India. What else could he do? He is Sir Kingsley Wood's Parliamentary Private Secretary, and he deserves a pat on the back for refusing to become a mere voting machine. He is one of the few back-benchers who has taken the trouble to answer the Government's critics, and the way in which he has been assailed by them at least shows there was something in what he said.

THE tradition that Parliamentary Private Secretaries should never speak on Government policy practically binds them to a vow of silence. It is a tradition that might well be broken. The Whips need only give the word. But it is unlikely that that will happen. There never have been such a collection of sticklers as the present occupants of No. 12, Downing Street. Sir Victor Alexander George Anthony Warrender wouldn't stand for it; certainly not. Whips mayn't speak themselves, not even Sir Victor Alexander George Anthony Warrender.

THE Budget is, to all intents and purposes, over and done with. Mr. Chamberlain has, in spite of its dullness, increased his financial reputation thereby, and Mr. Hore-Belisha has not detracted from his. The worst that can be said of him is the acrostic that was invented about him; and it doesn't amount to much.

THE two offices which seem most neglected are, surprisingly in this Parliament, the Dominions Office and the Colonial Office. Ottawa should have led the way to something else than trade agreements with Germany, Denmark, and Argentina. Ottawa was the first step. Are we going to remain standing (or sitting) on it for ever?

MR. THOMAS, since his skirmish with Ireland, has gone to ground; apart from his boosting South African ostrich feathers for ladies' coats; not really so amazing: ostriches and Socialists have been coupled together before.

THE Socialists have found in Mr. Seymour Cocks an embryo Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. He has taken to asking inconvenient questions, and threatens to become a thorn in the Foreign Office side. He speaks well, and has a sense of humour, but he speaks too much. Mr. Oliver Stanley is said to have put him in his place once, and very simply too. But Mr. Cocks is fairly absorbent.

MR. ANEURIN BEVAN, alas! What hopes lie shattered there! He has the same voice, the same fluency, the same gift of expression as before, but his speeches are now unnatural; they strike me as insincere. They are falsely conceived, falsely sounding. The old Bevan was Ebbw Vale. The new Bevan is a long way from home.

DR. ALFRED SALTER, the M.P. for West Bermondsey, is a man who sticks to his guns. He alleges that there is excessive drinking among M.P.'s, and he goes on alleging it. Should his charges rescind the privilege of obtaining drinks in the Houses of Parliament at times denied to the ordinary club-man, he would hardly add to his popularity. But nothing is less likely than this!

Leslie L. Irvin, the world's leading parachute designer and, incidentally, founder of the Caterpillar Club

Right: O. P. Jones, the well-known cross-channel pilot, making tracks for his Paris 'plane

Right: Pauline Gower and Dorothy Spicer, partners with 'plane

Left: Susan Slade, of Heston, Air Port off the Great West Road

Right: Nigel Norman, Chief Airworker and C.O. of the County of London Auxiliary Air Squadron

Below: R. W Reeve, famous Moth trainer of Hatfield

P. W. S. Bulman, Lord High Test Pilot for Hawker's. Often to be found in a "Fury"

Duncan Davis, Monarch of Brooklands, surveys his School

A. G. Lamplugh, settling a few claims on Lloyd's

Well Known on the Aerodromes

SPORT with the LID OFF

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary: By "Mark Over"

Miss Nancy Lyle (left) and Miss Evelyn Dearman, finalists in a strong entry, at the Hurlingham Lawn Tennis Tournament. The match was won by Miss Dearman, whose form this year shows a decided advance on that of previous seasons

Mrs. A. R. Holm, the Scottish Champion (left), enjoys a joke with Miss Jean McCulloch at the Women's Golf Championship at Gleneagles

As I write, the various cricket controversies seem to have been quietened down by the appointment of an M.C.C. sub-committee to enquire into recent Australian events. It may be that, by the time you cast a languid eye over these notes, fresh sensations will have been thrust upon us, though, temporarily, at least, I hope we may be spared. I do feel, though, that the M.C.C. are perhaps a little unwise in so rigorously maintaining a "hush-hush" policy.

It sometimes occurs to me that, nowadays, when publicity is so inevitable a part of our affairs, it would be as well if big sporting organisations like the M.C.C. and the Rugby Union should take on official Press representatives who would act as liaison officers with the newspapers. So often bodies like the M.C.C. seem to lack the ability to handle big controversial issues judiciously. It is, after all, essential to keep the public informed if harmful rumours are to be avoided, and the appointment of a reliable and experienced journalist in an advisory capacity to the M.C.C. staff might do away with a great deal of the back-stairs gossip which at present is doing the game no good.

I suppose the authorities have reason to be suspicious of the Press, but I think they would find that a somewhat more broad-minded co-operation would be beneficial. It was, for instance, unfortunate that the only information forthcoming from headquarters after the M.C.C. meeting last Monday week was a bare statement that a sub-committee had been appointed to deal with the situation. The names of those serving on the committee were not given, and the impression formed by the general public was one of dilatoriness and indecision. What is more, although it is fortunate that at the present juncture so able a jurist as Lord Hailsham should be in charge, there is a growing feeling among cricket followers that younger men

To Wish Us Well . . . .

Welcome Messages to "The Bystander"

on the occasion of its

Sixth Annual Flying Number

From LT.-COL. F. C. SHELMERDINE,
Director of Civil Aviation

On the occasion of the publication of the Sixth Annual Flying Number of "The Bystander," I once more congratulate you on the continued excellence of the weekly flying feature which supplies aviation news in a most interesting and attractive form.

It will be apparent from the articles contained in this number that steady progress is being made in the various branches of Civil Aviation, and I would like to record my appreciation of the valuable work "The Bystander" is doing in stimulating public interest in these developments.

F. C. Shelmerdine

Kay Vaughan
Lt.-Col. F. Shelmerdine

From LORD GORELL,
Chairman of the Royal Aero Club

I am glad to express my appreciation of the enterprise of "The Bystander" in bringing out yet once more a Special Aviation Number. It is a recognition of the increasing place which flying occupies in the life of this country, and I hope it will be widely read in consequence. It will follow a number of notable achievements by British airmen, who are still second to none, and it is a matter of pride that in this country, for ordinary travel and use, the light aeroplane has assumed that position already which ultimately it is certain to assume throughout the world. In giving prominence to aviation, "The Bystander" is abreast of the times and doing important work.

Gorell

Lord Gorell

A dead-heat in 22⅕ secs. in the 220-yards seen on the left, and C. P. Reilly Hospital Sports. This was one of

Miss Enid Wilson, the holder (left), and Miss Madeleine Fish walking from the sixth green in the qualifying round of the Women's Golf Championship which was held at Gleneagles last week

should be taking a far greater part in the control of the game.

I have had an opportunity, since the M.C.C. team returned, of hearing the true facts which underlie the Australian affair, and I am more than ever convinced that the Englishmen were given a pretty rough deal. It is, at any rate, vitally important that the M.C.C. should not be side-tracked into an argument on leg-theory bowling, but that they should consider the far wider issue of the general atmosphere in which cricket is played in Australia. The question is whether it is worth while, even from an Imperial point of view, continuing Test matches at all, and if the M.C.C. act on the facts before them they will surely be forced, temporarily, at least, to put an end to the International rivalry between England and Australia.

Now to boxing, and, in particular, to Jack Petersen's unexpectedly swift victory over Heine Muller at Cardiff last week. Petersen surprised us all by his speed and fitness, for there was a time not long ago when we doubted whether he would ever really fulfil his promise. On his showing against Muller, we may reasonably begin to think of him once more as a potential world champion. He sized up his opponent remarkably quickly, and then, instead of losing his head and attacking wildly, as he has so often done in the past, he boxed scientifically, landed a left to the ribs, and followed it up with a perfectly-timed short-aimed punch to the solar plexus. This beautiful blow was the work of a master, and if Petersen can repeat this form when he meets Jack Doyle at the White City next Monday, there can, I think, be no doubt of the result.

I write this before Doyle's fight with Humbeeck,

Jack Petersen, the British heavy-weight champion, helping to raise Heine Muller, the German, after knocking him out with a solar-plexus blow in the first round of their fight, which took place in the open air at Cardiff before an enormous crowd, mainly composed of patriotic Welshmen—and women

and it may be that we shall see a much-improved Doyle on that occasion. Even so, I cannot believe that Doyle has made sufficiently rapid progress to cope with Petersen's speed of mind and body. After all, he is very raw, and unless he manages to land one of his crushing punches almost immediately, Petersen should make short work of him. One thing is certain, the fight between these two youngsters will draw a huge crowd, though I am afraid that many of the spectators may feel that they have paid heavily for the privilege of seeing a knock-out in the first round. It is, incidentally, extraordinary how popular these heavy-weight fights are, for they either drag wearily through their full course or end so swiftly that the spectator has hardly time to take in what has happened. I suppose it is the drama of the knock-out which appeals to people, though I must confess that I always feel cheated after a sudden ending.

It really does seem, though, that even the golfing enthusiast is getting out of hand, and if we may judge by the unmannerly demonstration which greeted Henry Cotton's failure to tie for first place at the Southport meeting.

I have an idea that the introduction of gate-money at these big golfing occasions has had something to do with the increasing partisanship shown by the crowds who follow famous players. Gate-money does tend to emphasise the spectacular side of any sporting event, and naturally attracts the sensation-seeker as well as the genuine follower of the game. Whatever the cause may be, however, the golfing authorities will have to consider seriously how they may guard against such occurrences in the future.

inal, between J. G. Nel (South Africa), Australia) in the St. Bartholomew's ve records set up at the meeting

Two of the Irish competitors in the British Women's Open Golf Championship: Miss Latchford, Irish Champion, and Miss Pentony

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

The Bath Club Cup

Major R. L. Kennedy (Army and Navy), a competitor in the Bath Club Cup, going to the fifth green

N. H. B. Thompson and C. R. Acheson-Gray, who played for the Public Schools Club in the Inter-Club Golf Foursomes for the Bath Club Cup at Sunningdale

Flight-Officer W. F. Pharazen, who partnered Captain H. M. Morris for the R.A.F. in the Bath Club Cup

THE annual competition for the Bath Club Cup has just taken place at Sunningdale, and has this year been won by the Bachelors' Club, represented by John de Forest and R. W. Hartley. They beat the United Services Club (Captain G. A. Moxon and Major C. W. Wallace), at the thirty-seventh hole in the final round. It was not surprising that the Bachelors' Club, with such very distinguished representatives in the world of golf, should have won the event; with all due respect for the two gallant gentlemen who represented the United Services Club, it was, I think, rather surprising to find them in the final. But frequently it so happens that the greater the surprise the greater the merit of the performance, and Captain Moxon and Major Wallace deserve the heartiest congratulations not only of all their fellow members in the United Service Club, but also of all golfers in reaching the last stage of the competition. Their way was by no means easy: they cannot be said, in fact, to have had a lucky draw in any way, for they were up against a very steady pair representing the Badminton Club in the third round, and, after being four down with five to play to these two, they managed to square the match on the last green and finally win it at the fourth extra hole.

In the semi-final round they found themselves opposed to the holders of the Cup in the distinguished persons of T. A. Torrance and G. D. Hannay, who were representing the Junior Carlton, and although they were, perhaps, lucky in finding Hannay off his game, yet they took the chances offered them and won this match; but here again not until they had played two extra holes. This performance, however, was probably not nearly such a good one as playing John de Forest and Rex Hartley level for thirty-six holes and only losing at the thirty-seventh, and then only because Major Wallace just failed to hole a five-foot putt, whereas John de Forest succeeded in a similar endeavour.

Of the winners, it may be said that they were an obviously likely couple from the very start. I have an intimate knowledge of one of their matches, for I and Major G. L. Tyringham were playing for the Guards' Club, and had to meet them in the third round. I have always thought it extraordinarily pleasant to see my friends playing well, but I have discovered that it is less pleasant when fireworks are being performed to my personal inconvenience. We started the match playing rather scrappy golf, and nothing very startling happened until we had reached the turn, there to find ourselves two down. But, from that point, de Forest and Hartley did the next five holes in three, three, four, two, four, which was a good deal too much for us and, I might suggest, quite enough for anybody.

IN the afternoon (that was on the Saturday) they had a very close match with the Turf Club, who were represented just as illustriously by J. Beaumont Pease and the Hon. W. Brownlow. Stymies played a most peculiarly important part in this match, and led the onlookers to discuss that old and very vexed question of whether a stymie laid by an opponent should count as a stymie at all. Without getting sidetracked by this interesting subject, I will merely say that, in each case it seemed to me that, although the stymie was laid by the opponent, yet it was the direct result of an indifferent stroke on the part of the side which suffered, which is so often the case when these "tragedies" happen that I, personally, am in favour of the retention of the stymie rule as it stands at the moment. The fact remains, however, that in this particular match, de Forest and Hartley were two up with eight holes played, and this because Pease and Brownlow in turn had failed to negotiate stymies which had been laid them. I hate to criticise, but there is no question at all that the negotiating of a stymie is a definite and important shot in golf, and neither Pease nor Brownlow made very good efforts in their attempts, because these stymies were not particularly difficult as such things go.

The Turf Club, however, profited by a missed putt on the part of Hartley at the ninth to win that hole, and squared the match at the eleventh. They were still all square on the thirteenth tee, and here the Turf played a beautiful shot to within a few yards of the hole, whereas Hartley put his partner into the little bunker guarding the green. Quite undisturbed, John de Forest entered this bunker and placed the ball stone-dead, and I think that was the turning-point of the whole match, for if the Turf had managed to get their noses in front they might very well have kept them there. As it was, Hartley and de Forest were dormy one, and Hartley found himself with a very similar stymie to negotiate as that which he himself had laid earlier in the proceedings. It was for a half and the match: after due deliberation, he decided that the only thing to do was to loft it, and this he did with insolent ease. Both couples were round in seventy-one strokes, which is definitely good golf on the old course at Sunningdale. The final was always a close match, with de Forest and Hartley fighting an uphill battle, as things were not going quite right for them. This, however, they succeeded in doing, although they ran it almighty close. I am very pleased to record this victory, for both have been much in the news of late, not always to their golfing credit—and here was an example of what both these young and talented players can produce.

I FIND that I have left myself very little room to discuss the Surrey Amateur Championship which was being played at Mid-Surrey at the same time. Actually, this is as it should be, in view of the public interest in the two events. It is curious how any first-class foursome competition will always create a much greater interest, not only among golfers themselves, but amongst spectators as well, than any other form of golf competition, even though Unions may attempt indirectly to decree otherwise by clashing dates. There is no form of golf which is so fascinating either to play or to watch as a first-class foursome, or, in fact, a foursome of any sort or description, provided it is played with two balls. I must be satisfied, therefore, in merely reporting the fact that the Surrey Amateur Championship was this year won by Douglas Grant, who defeated W. L. Hartley in the final round by one hole. This is Douglas Grant's third success in this event, and he played very good golf to achieve it; but very good golf is only what one expects of Douglas Grant.

The Bath Club Cup

The Bachelors—Best Men

John de Forest and R. W. Hartley the Winners

Major C. W. Wallace and Capt. G. A. Moxon (United Services), and W. M. Mitchell and Barton D. Baker (New University), competitors in the Inter-Club Golf Competitions for the Bath Club Cup held at Sunningdale, which was won by the Bachelors

Capt. H. M. Morris (Royal Air Force) and Capt. G. E. Hawkins, M.C. (Army and Navy), waiting at the fourth. The Army and Navy won

L. H. Savill and H. A. J. Cohen (Oxford and Cambridge) and Brig.-Gen. Critchley and Roger Wethered (Bath) at the sixth tee

Cyril Tolley and R. Cobbold, who played for Buck's Club, beaten by the Hon. W. Brownlow, seen right, and J. Beaumont Pease (Turf), in the third round

Above: James Moir and Capt. J. R. A. Stroyan (Caledonian), beaten in the first round, going to the sixth green

Left: E. F. Storey (Conservative) and the Hon. W. Brownlow (Turf) waiting to drive at the first tee

The Passing Picture Show

The Way of a Man with a Maid

By Sydney Tremayne

—And East is East

A scene from "Karma," the first all-Indian talking picture to be made in English, and shown over here, with Himansu Rai and Devika Rani in the leading parts. "Karma" started its run at the Marble Arch Pavilion last week

West is West—

Constance Bennett, as Lady Grayston in the film version of Somerset Maugham's "Our Betters," now at the Plaza, falls, temporarily, for the charms of Gilbert Roland

. . . Indeed, one of the things "too wonderful for me" to marvel at because of the infinite variety of love, the recurring decimal in life's sum. Only those who have neither studied nor experienced the ways of lovers would vote the age-old story monotonously repetitive, and nothing is so illustrative of racial differences as a people's attitude to and treatment of the universal theme.

To illustrate and emphasise this truth, two interesting and wholly different pictures, both love stories, were shown in London on successive mornings: *Pick Up*, a typical modern American exposition, and *Karma*, the first Indian sound film seen and heard in this country. So opposed are these two films in "woof and weave"—if such words can be applied to celluloid—in spirit, characterisation, and language, that it is difficult to believe that they are the product of the same century, and both purport to be given in the Anglo-Saxon tongue.

"Karma," with its all-Indian cast, its magnificent background of palaces, temples, and the jungle—the path of true love beset by sacred tigers and venomous snakes—its story about a lovely princess and her idyll with a prince of the neighbouring state, poetic in spirit and overlaid with the languorous glamour of the East, is as far from our conception of reality as a fairy story. Its appeal is neither to the mind nor the emotions—purely pictorial, because of its exquisite scenic and photographic effects and the miniature beauty of its charming star, Devika Rani, exotic as the gardenias she wore in her hair on the screen and when she appeared in person at the Press show.

The English of the native players, with the exception of Devika Rani, and the snake-charmer, seems stilted and mechanical. Commander Hunt, who deserves the greatest praise for the beauty and atmosphere he has achieved by his direction of *Karma*, says that, during the many rehearsals, the players were much more natural and vivacious, but camera-consciousness brought the final performance down to the automatic level now apparent. But the picture is unique in its way, and is well worth a visit to the Marble Arch Pavilion.

"Pick Up" owes a great deal to the superlatively good acting of George Raft and Sylvia Sydney in the chief parts. Raft has a virility, a control, and sense of characterisation that inform any part he plays with an authenticity which makes it memorable. Sylvia Sydney showed her outstanding ability as an emotional actress in *Street Scene*. Since then she has gained in power over her medium: her swift changes of expression and tone, the capacity for happiness and for intense pain, the love which is inherent in every look and word and gesture, held in check by the undemonstrative convention of her class and the age she lives in; the wiles and deceits learned in a hard school and practised with feminine intuitiveness, for the good and advancement of her man, all make of the so-nearly tragic figure of "Baby-faced Mary," who has been in prison because she was involved in a crime with her brutal, crook husband, a notable creation. Sylvia Sydney has all the wistful appeal that Lillian Gish had at her best, plus a much more intellectual mastery of characterisation which enables her to obtain her effects while totally eliminating sentimentality.

The story of *Pick Up* is better than that of other pictures of its kind, and the dialogue is always explicit and characteristic, and often witty. Mary, at the expiration of her prison sentence, in an interview with her convict husband, who has another year to serve, tells him that she is "through" with him and his friends: she wanted to get away from him as soon as she knew that he was a crook, and now the law has given her the chance. It is "raining cats and dogs" when Mary, having spent the five "bucks" bestowed by the State on discharged prisoners, in getting back to the city and buying a meal, pestered by a predatory man, takes refuge in the taxi chauffeured by Harry Randall. When she admits she has not the price of a fare, he tells her to get out.

"Can't I stay just till the rain stops?"

"No, you can't. The papers say it's going to keep on raining for a fortnight."

"That's O.K. with me," says Mary, with an attempt at pertness belied by her quivering smile and pleading eyes.

And so their unsentimental romance and the battle of their personalities begins.

There are some amusing and human interchanges between them: he suggests eating out and she tells him to buy a steak, eat at home, and save his money.

"Are you going to tell me what I'm to do?" says Harry; but the next shot shows them eating the steak she has cooked.

"Give me the ketchup," he demands.

"You don't want ketchup with *good* food," she demurs, and makes him taste her mushroom sauce.

"How's that?"

"Swell," he answers, "give me the ketchup."

Their declaration of love is as nearly prosaic and laconic.

The story is about realities, plain people, the woman, at least, on the fringe of the under-world; their talk, laconic, colloquial, but expressive; the atmosphere comes near to being sordid at times: modern love in prose. *Pick Up* is not only a good but an emotionally moving film, telling truly and well the story of a woman's deep and beautiful love for her man. George Raft and Sylvia Sydney are two of the most vital and accomplished performers on the American screen, and their equally meritorious characterisations make them a potentially unbeatable "team" in their own line.

Pearl Freeman

The Lady Jean McDonnell

Bassano

Miss Sanchia Whitworth

Yevonde

Miss Rosalie Hearfield

Janet Jevons

Miss Wendy Raw

Bassano

Miss Constance Babington Smith

More Presentation Pieces

Débutantes Who Have Been to Court

Top, left: Lady Jean McDonnell is the younger sister of the Earl of Antrim, and a débutante of the year. Her elder sister married Mr. Francis Baring last month

Above, left: Miss Wendy Raw is the daughter of the late Captain R. G. Raw, D.S.O., and Lady Stuart-Menteith. Her mother is the wife of Sir William Stuart-Menteith, Bart.

Top, centre: Miss Sanchia Whitworth was presented by her mother, Mrs. Geoffrey Whitworth, at the first Court. She is very keen on politics and has planned to go to Ashridge when the season is over

Above, right: Miss Constance Babington Smith was presented last week by her mother, Lady Elizabeth Babington Smith, who is a sister of the Earl of Elgin. Her father was the late Sir Henry Babington Smith

Top, right: Miss Rosalie Hearfield is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hearfield, and a great-niece of the late Admiral Sir Adolphus Fitz-George. She was presented at the fourth Court by her mother

Right: another of last week's presentations was that of Miss Bridget Bosworth-Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nevil Digby Bosworth-Smith. Her father is the Assistant Secretary to the Board of Education

Bassano

Miss Bridget Bosworth-Smith

Left: Mrs. Peter Thursby and Princess Alphonse de Chimay had supper at the latest of the fashionable Soho restaurants which opened not long ago. Angora rabbits (alive) were given away and were the stars of the first night

Below: another party at the same opening night included Miss Leonora Brook, with one of the said rabbits, Mrs. Strickland Constable, Lord Erleigh, and Lord Inchcape

John Everard

Who Said "Rabbits"?

"In the Parlour"

JEAN CRICHTON is very attractive; she is now Mrs. Eion Merry, and I hope she will be as happy as her new name. Everyone knows and loves Mrs. Arthur Crichton, who has the gayest laugh. John Crichton is very much smart-young-Mayfair.

WHAT a lot of fans Lady Charles Cavendish has! I'm not surprised, but rather envious. Lady Furness is adored by a large number of her friends, and so is Lady Milbanke.

THINGS I should hate to miss:
Mrs. Claude Beddington's pearl head-dress for musical occasions.
Lady Dalrymple-Champney's outside sprays of flowers.
Miss Dorothy Paget's racing clothes.

WHAT is all this trouble over a romantic young man? Here's good luck and good hunting to him, and confound two brunette critics.

IS a certain letter causing a well-known in many circles to frown? Definitely a nasty one.

LADY SCARSDALE, back from South Africa, is being welcomed home enthusiastically by her many friends; she is a very charming and intelligent person, so it is not surprising. She has excellent taste in clothes and decoration, and as a hostess "knows her stuff," believe me.

IS a stage and "very" society romance to culminate at the registry office? Why not? They are very suited, as the parlour-maid says.

POPULAR young men—at parties: Sir Antony Weldon, always polite; Mr. "Teddie" Phillips, isn't he lucky!; Mr. Jim Lawrence, much written-up these days.

TWINKLE, Twinkle, little star,
How unaccountable you are;
Finding conversation fun,
With a politician's son.

Hors d'Œuvres

By "Caviare"

HAS the Lady of Title definitely refused to have her inside the house again? Really, it is not surprising!

YOU can take a cheque to the Bank, but you can't (always) get the cash. You agree, Club-member?

A HAPPY blonde—Mrs. Reginald Sheffield
A happy brunette—Mrs. Gray Horton.
A happy red-head—Mrs. Cunningham-Reid.

IMPORTANT news items of the week. (With grateful thanks to the gossip family en masse.) Lady Londonderry has had false eyelashes fixed. The Duchess of Sutherland has been seen wearing a six-months'-old ("model, Moddam") dress. It is "most agreeable" to watch Lady Watson, her husband, daughter and son-in-law eating.

INTELLIGENCE is very apparent in the good looks of Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton; also in the charming attractiveness of Miss Pamela Wellesley's face. How I wish I could say the same of a much-noticed ex-ex-deb.

AT the Ball—
Beauty—Lady Bridget Poulett—not smiling.
Brains—Lady Eleanor Smith—missing nothing.
Beau-ideal—Lady Smiley—beautiful and happy.

LADY WEYMOUTH, so lovely, so charming, and so clever, is not seen enough by most of us. She spends a great deal of time in the country, and works sensibly and well in her husband's constituency. She is a very alive personality.

A COCKTAIL party is not the best place to choose for a wordy war, and people who lose their tempers will not always be invited next time, I'm informed.

AREN'T we all a little tired of a chattering Mayfairite's love affairs? "To be or not to be?" becomes a dreary topic after a month or so—even with a little film-glamour added.

LADY WAVERTREE has sold her jewels; Mr. Whigham is selling his house, and a certain gentleman we all know has another house bargain—"a real snip, old boy." My advice is: Don't.

REALLY nice girls and debs.:
Lady Ann Villiers—she will be in the limelight.
Miss Hope Madden—she will be a good hostess.
Lady Barbara Lindsay—she will be worth talking to.

WAS a gambler a little worried over the result, and aren't friends useful things to have?

Beatrice Lillie

A caricature, by Hynes, of Beatrice Lillie, who is back at last and is giving London the benefit of her wit and humour by appearing in cabaret "just off Piccadilly"

Swaebe

Above: A party at the "Star" Ball, one of the more original charity dances, included Mr. B. de Klee, Mrs. P. L. M. Battye, Mr. E. Williams-Wynn, Miss Isobel Hilliers, Lord Carnegie, Mr. Romer Topham, Capt. J. Battye, Miss M. Baron and Mrs. W. Gough

Right: Mr. Peter Wiggin and Miss Margaret Livingstone-Learmonth, who are engaged, were at the Ball together

Taking the air up above Southampton on the Majestic's boat deck: Miss Ivy Loder, Mrs. Ian Ritchie, Mr. Robert Osborne Smith and his fiancée, Miss Betty Geyelin

"All Aboard the Lugger..."

The "Star" Ball on the Majestic

Above: Miss A. Savill, Miss Joan Chichester, Mr. R. Petre and Mr. G. Dennistoun on electric "horses"; the gymnasium and the swimming bath were both very popular between-dance retreats

Right: another boat-deck party, including Mr. Petre, Mrs. Fawcett, Mr. R. Combe, Lady Marguerite Bligh, and Mr. Mark Kerr. The dance was in aid of the Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies

If Gossip We Must . . .

Economic Extravagance—Good-bye the Opera House—The R.S.B.A. Show—Eatable Asparagus

In less than three weeks' time, London will become more intensely than ever the centre of the world. The World Economic Conference will be worldly, if not economic, for no expense will be spared in the matter of either private entertaining or public word-spilling.

The League of Nations officials will include men who can speak twenty-three languages, which will be more than those spoken by the Press correspondents at Geneva, who for the most part are confined to their own language and to the smattering of one other. But if there is one department that is efficient at Geneva, it is that which is concerned with the comfort of the correspondents, who have everything made easy for them, and every blessed document translated.

Geneva is one of the dullest towns in Europe, and one of the draughtiest. But there is no need to get the wind up over any possible faults in its organisation.

THE League of Nations has ear-marked £12,000 for this little jamboree. It will cost far more than that, and the delegates and those who entertain them will spend more.

It is not merely the frivolous—who are not concerned with economic conferences, anyway—who are likely to find London a disappointment when the day's work is over. The restaurants and dance-clubs which are the vogue are, for the most part, impossibly crowded and impossibly expensive. Others are both dear and dull. Still more are cheap and nasty.

There are only three cafés, properly so-called, in London: they close early, and during the greater part of the day are allowed to serve "soft" drinks only.

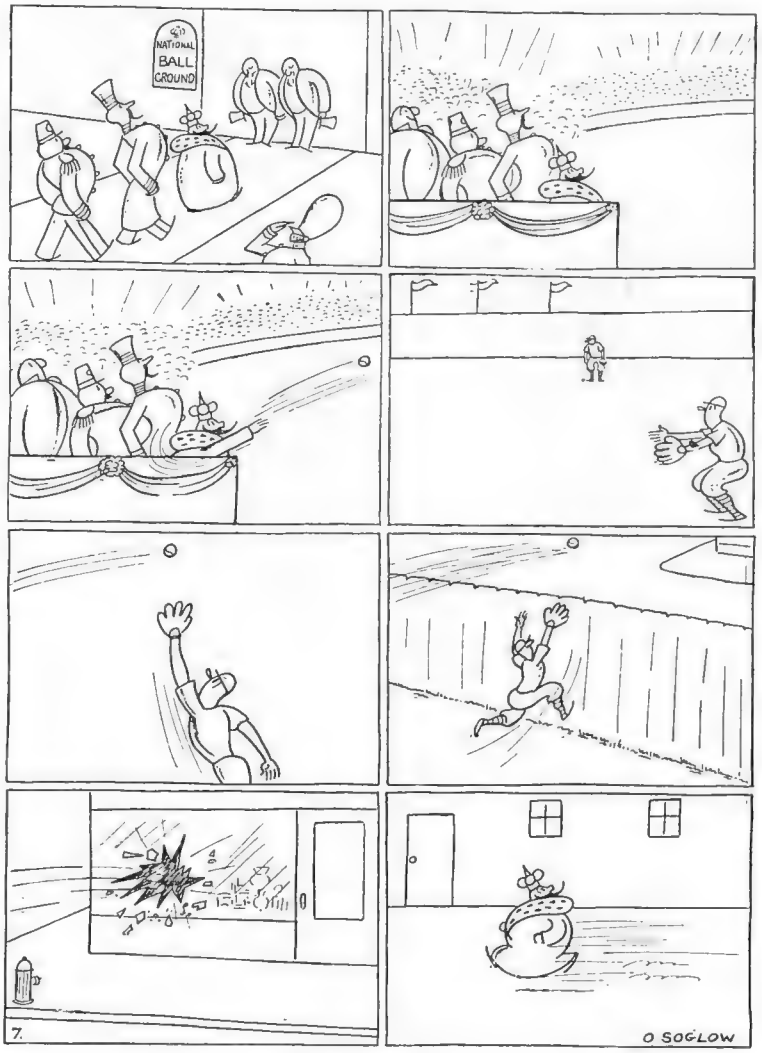
IF a delegate wishes to see a bit of rural England and to motor through the countryside, he will find that inns are closed during many of the hours he is likely to need them, and that the meals at most hotels are dreadful. One cannot wholly blame the hotels. They are handicapped by innumerable nonsensical restrictions and every possible obstacle is officially put in the way of their development.

Attempts to rid this country of the tyranny of cranks seem to have been dropped. Puritanical legislation (which used the war as an excuse) stands precisely where it did fifteen years ago.

Actually it is now the few who protest and who venture to wish that England should be as free in this respect as the rest of Europe, who are regarded as the cranks.

SHOWMANSHIP is important—even for nations. London during the Conference should be "produced." There will not even be any opera, for the present season at Covent Garden is timed to end just before the Conference begins. That in itself will induce an unfavourable comparison with other capitals. And if some last effort is not made, there will never be any more opera, on the grand scale, in London again, for Covent Garden will probably be torn down.

The present lease ends on July 1st, and the people who have a say in the matter are business men, and not philanthropists. The necessary sum of money to save the place could easily be obtained from wealthy music-lovers. Yet they are likely to remain mute until it is too late. That is but one small side of a very large question. London is constantly being handed the



Here He Is Again!

Frank Vosper and Catherine Lacey, play, "The Green Bay Tree," at the model set for that play which has Stage Settings, Designs, and Cos-

Sasha

Zena Dare, Ivor Novello, Fay Compton, and Joan Barry, who take the leading parts in Ivor Novello's new play, "Proscenium," which was performed for the first time recently at Manchester. It is at Glasgow this week and, after a visit to Edinburgh and Birmingham, "Proscenium" will have its première in London in mid-June

centre of the stage, and then giving a feeble performance.

"The Day I Forgot" was the play I forgot. That is to say, I did not see it. And now it is too late, and this little venture will soon become the play most people will forget except those who have been stung financially by its run of two whole nights at the Globe Theatre.

Short as this existence was, it is not a record. Nor, even, is the revue which "ran," a year or two ago, at the Duchess Theatre a record. That unenviable distinction is held by a piece which was produced in London in the far-off 'seventies, which ran for one act only.

The reason for this was not entirely its feebleness, though, I believe, it was pretty terrible. The author was a wealthy peer who, having decided to start off his play with a dinner-party scene, provided real champagne for it. Actors in those days did not, for the most part, lead the exotic existence many do to-day.

The effect of that one scene was overpowering in more senses than one, and after it the curtain fell, never to rise again.

WHO'S WHOOEY

No. 14.—Lord Castlerosse

LORD CASTLEROSSE, Lord Castlerosse,
He's never, never at a loss
For bright and breezy chatter;
And Sunday mornings would be dud
If we could not peruse "me lud,"
Whose pert and pithy patter
Proves that, like Ruth, he does not scorn
To tread upon the alien (and the home-grown) corn.

Lord Castlerosse, Lord Castlerosse,
He writes to folk he's come across
At golf, at lunch and so on;
And though some think it is not nice
To season anecdotes with spice,
His notes serenely flow on,
With photographs of "lovelies" who
He praises for face-value and for brain-force, too.

Lord Castlerosse, Lord Castlerosse,
He never, never tries to gloss
O'er ills his flesh is heir to;
And how we lesser lights all thrill
To learn his lordship took a pill,
(A thing he cannot bear to);
And what a kick we get to learn
The sort of foods that tend to make his tummy turn.

Lord Castlerosse, Lord Castlerosse,
Knows rolling stones don't gather moss,
But gather lots of "copy";
And so he keeps on rolling strong
In Mayfair and "the Continong";
And when it's time to stop, he
Climbs on his Castlerostrum and
Proceeds to give the low-down on the high-born band. *B. W.*

High Brow—Low Brow

Right: Dame Sybil Thorndike and Vi Loraine meet at the Vaudeville on the first night of "Wild Justice" transferred from Hammersmith

Swaebe

Swaebe

who appear in that much-discussed Ambassadors, standing before the been on view at an Exhibition of tumes held at the Bruton Mews, W.1.

The Stock Exchange Dramatic and Operatic Society gave a performance of Noel Coward's famous "Bitter-Sweet" at the New Scala Theatre lately, and the picture above shows the duel scene in the Viennese café with Geoffrey Dunstan as the Captain and Rex Joseph as Carl Linden

If the Royal Academy has been abused this year because it contains many oddities, the exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists is a little too stick-in-the-mud.

I wandered through galleries of still-life, oranges and other fruit, Breton scenes and other landscapes, wave effects and other sea-scapes, and sundry efforts which were just narrow escapes from being dreadful.

I do not like the "wild men," though I believe there is more sincerity about them than is generally realised. But it is better to search out new paths and fail than to go round in a circle—which is a bit of a cliché, but never mind.

There are some exceptions. The bearded Adrian Allinson, whose other passion is music, has done good stuff. And I liked C. R. W. Nevinson's suggestion of an arterial road. He knows all about arterial roads as a motorist—and he can paint 'em, too.

I HEAR, by the way, that, things being rather bad in the art world and buyers both few and economically-minded, some quite well-known artists (not of the official band) are contemplating holding a street exhibition, after the fashion of the Paris artists, who hang up their works on trees in the Boulevard Clichy, and on the Left Bank, too.

Probably the police will have something to say to this. But if a gentleman of the pavement is allowed to show us the Prince of Wales, half a salmon, and the latest film-star in coloured chalks up against the railings of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields Church, I do not see why similar permission should not be given to the folk of Chelsea and Bloomsbury, who are probably even a bit poorer in pocket just now.

THE police should, however, be given the power to order the removal of some of the more trying examples.

Or they could throw a veil over them. It was Max Beerbohm who suggested that new statues in London should not be unveiled, but that, with elaborate ceremony and the making of speeches, they should be veiled.

AN English film-star is just now not on the best of terms with her press-agent. That gentleman wrote in her name, or "placed", for her, two articles. One was entitled, "I love Hollywood." The other was "Why I hate Hollywood."

They appeared in the same week.

ERNEST TORRENCE, the English, or, rather, Scotch film-star who died exactly, to the very day, one hundred years after Edmund Kean, was originally an actor and not a particularly successful one.

I remember him playing a small part—if one could use the word "small" about anything done by this burly giant of 6 ft. 4 in.—in a long-ago musical-comedy, *The Earl and the Girl*, at the Adelphi. And in the cast, temporarily straying from Gilbert and Sullivan, was a Mr. H. A. Lytton, now Sir Henry.

Torrence played scowling scoundrels, but was a most genial person, and philosophical about being, as he was in those days, rather hard up. When films came along he struck oil, and he must have died a rich man.

A fair passenger receives first-hand information on the bridge of the S.S. Lapland, which starts on a "Bystander" cruise on June 17 to Madeira, Teneriffe, and the Azores. Full particulars can be obtained from the Red Star Line, 38, Leadenhall Street, E.C., or from the usual travel agencies

An American Prize Picture

A picture entitled "Elegy," by Daniel Boza, a Cleveland (Ohio) art student, which has been awarded the Grand Prix de Rome of the American Academy, enabling the winner to study for two years at the American Academy in Rome. This prize carries with it an estimated cash value of five thousand dollars

Veronica Turleigh

Above: A drawing of Veronica Turleigh, wife of James Laver, the author, who has lately been appearing in Old Vic. productions, by Chloë King Bull, one of the exhibits of this artist's work which were shown recently at the Bloomsbury Gallery, Bedford Square, W.C.1

John Everard

Ernest Milton

Right: Another specimen of the work of Chloë King Bull, a portrait of Ernest Milton, the well-known actor

ASPARAGUS is with us and is plentiful. Why in most restaurants and clubs is it tasteless? Children, I will tell you.

Vast masses of it are cooked beforehand and remain for hours in hot water, which extracts every particle of the flavour. Even when asparagus is cooked by steam, it is cooked in advance and heated up at the last moment, as it is ordered.

The wise man will order asparagus at the beginning of his meal and enjoin that operations should start on the *raw* sticks, then and there.

And he will be served from the half-stewed stock just the same.

The still wiser man will bring (if he is courageous as well as wise) his own asparagus with him, offering to pay "stalkage," or whatever it is, in return for having it cooked.

And *he* will be served from the half-stewed stock just the same.

Slogan for the week: Eat asparagus at home.

A FAMOUS club the other day was greatly inconvenienced by having one of its telephone lines cut off by the Post Office officials without being given any notice whatever. As a matter of fact, the final notice arrived on the day after the telephone was disconnected! And yet there are some people who would like private trading abolished!

Here's Health!

All the world over Whitbread's Pale Ale retains its brilliancy, delicate flavour and exhilarating tone. It can be iced or served at any desired temperature. It represents British Pale Ale in its most delicate and attractive form.

WHITBREAD'S PALE ALE

Issued by Whitbread & Co., Ltd., Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1. I.P.S.

E

ROYAL AIR TRAVEL: A VICKERS PEGASUS AIR

A Vickers "Viastra" all-metal monoplane fitted with two Bristol Pegasus engines has been built to the order of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales for perso years, but modified in detail for the special purpose of private travel, and was produced at the Supermarine Works of Vickers Aviation, the same factory the world. A Pegasus engine holds the altitude record of nearly 44,000 feet, more than eight miles above the earth, and the same type was used for the hi it is fitted with slots and has been designed to fly with full load on either engine, thus securing maximum safety in every respect. An interesting detail of eq be illustrated, include electric inertia starters for the 600-horse-power Pegasus engines, wheel brakes, and a wireless set for transmission and reception up to 3 headquarters of the London Auxiliary Squadrons, of which

BY THOMPSON

R-CRUISER FOR H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

rsonal use in this country and abroad. The machine is a standard product similar to others which have been used on Australian air routes for some which built the famous Schneider Trophy racing 'planes. Of the Bristol Pegasus air-cooled engines, it is sufficient to say that they are supreme in historic flights recently completed over the Himalayas. In construction, the machine is entirely of metal, even to the corrugated covering of the wing; equipment, which can be seen inset under the wing on the right-hand side, is a powerful electric searchlight and other modern accessories, which cannot 300 miles. The "Viastra," bearing the colours of the Household Brigade, is shown at home at Hendon, best-known of all British aerodromes, and the th the Prince is Honorary Air-Commodore-in-Chief

CHALIAPINE
CARNERA
SIR BRABHUSHANKER PATTANI
NINA VANNA
SIR JOHN CARMAN
GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
SIR ROBERT HO TUNG
BERNARD SHAW
SIR HARRY BRITTAIN
THE HON. MRS. RICHARD NORTON
LORD CASTLEROSSE
STEVE DONOGHUE
SIR JOHN SIMON
MARGARET BANNERMAN

PERSONALITIES FOR THE 'PLANE

Well-known figures at Croydon, some of whom fly thousands of miles in a year. Croydon is the starting-point for all parts of Europe, Asia and Africa, six International lines radiating from the Airport

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" By Madge Garland

MISS ANNA MAY WONG, who is now appearing every night at the Embassy Club, looks as attractive in Western dress as she does in her Chinese costume. This dress, of heavy white crêpe, held up by straps of gold lamé, is by Geene Glenny

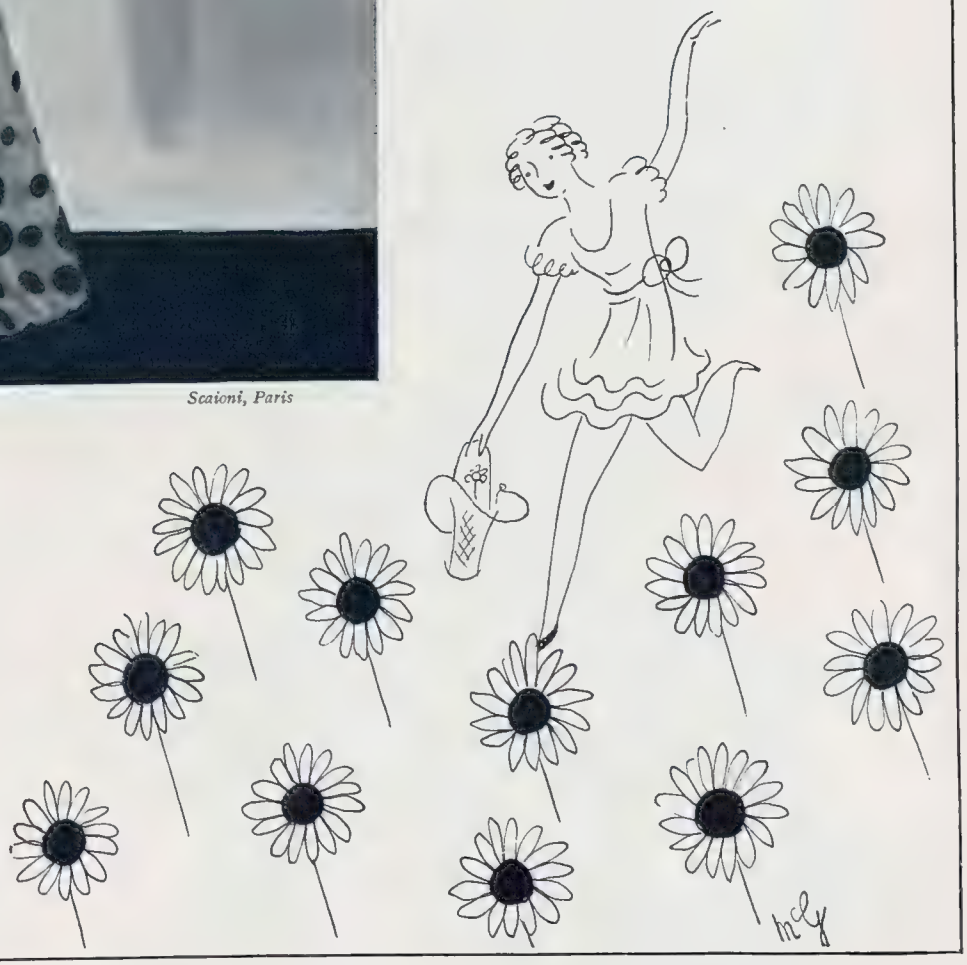
Cannons of Hollywood

NAVY blue and white organdie makes this charming race gown from Peter Robinson which has shoulder ruffles as well as puff sleeves. With it is worn a navy blue straw hat and long navy blue gloves

Hoppé photograph

Scaioni, Paris

SPOTS of graduated sizes are printed on this chiffon gown from Martial et Armand which has very short puffed sleeves and a becomingly draped bodice. Note the black gauntlet gloves which barely reach the elbows



For Formal Occasions

A MANDARIN hat of brown straw, a mysterious expression, a pink woollen dress and brown organdie bows and gloves combine to make an exceptionally smart afternoon ensemble. The dress comes from Peggy Morris; the hat from Jeff

ABOVE. White muslin, patterned and plain, and dozens of yards of narrow lace edging compose this gown, ideal for race meetings and garden parties for the debutante. This model and its accompanying hat of white straw are to be found at Marshall and Snelgrove

LEFT. Unusual arrangement of fur gives character to this afternoon coat of lightweight brown wool. The foxes are red, a fur we have not seen for a long time, and look extremely effective and becoming. This model comes from Marshall and Snelgrove

8-6...6-8...9-7... That deserves a real refresher!*

★ Sparkling Grape Fruit, Sparkling Lemon or Palätо (Sparkling Orange). The three new fruit drinks for all sporting thirsts.

-therefore Schweppes

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

Howard Marshall on Cricket

Looking to the Future

THERE are those who find the Oval a depressing, unsympathetic ground. "Just look," they mutter, "at the gasometer"—or the pavilion, or, if they happen to be journalists, at the Press-box. Well, I don't know; however much I may look at the gasometer I retain an affection for it, and the pavilion and the Press-box both serve me very kindly. The Oval is a friendly ground, in short, and to sit on the edge of the grass near the sight-screen, with the sparrows chattering and the trams clanging, and a loud-speaker tinkling in one of the near-by houses while Gregory and Fender and the rest of them are busy out in the middle—this, to my mind, is an agreeable way of spending a sunny afternoon.

When I was there last, Surrey were skittling out Gloucestershire, and I could not help wondering again how the players who have endured the M.C.C. Australian tour will fare during the summer. Two of them were playing in this match—Hammond, and F. R. Brown—and it was difficult to believe that so rigorous a winter had passed since we last watched them in action.

Hammond has changed very little; I never saw so great a player who was so little affected by his surroundings. Whatever the occasion may be, the manner of Hammond's batting is determined by his mood. He does not go for the runs because runs are needed, but because it his wish to hit the ball hard: he does not dig himself in because caution is necessary, but because he is following the promptings of his own genius. A wayward player, and none the worse for that; Hammond is the outstanding personality among modern batsmen, and we have every reason to be grateful to him. His mood at the Oval was immediately evident, for he played his first ball from the hard-working Gover with an easy disdain which, in a lesser batsman, would have been almost insolent. A carefree Hammond taking some gentle net-practice, and, when the practice was over, he swung haphazardly at Parker and his stumps were spread-eagled.

INCIDENTALLY, there are those who maintain that Gloucestershire should have been more cautious in their first innings, but I cannot agree. They attacked the bowling cheerfully, and hit some fours and died the death, and this, it seems to me, is the way a cricket match should go. A murrain, if that is the right word, upon your caution!

Then there was F. R. Brown, a slightly more portly Brown, bowling a strange mixture of good and evil. He began with some lamentably short stuff, which was suitably trounced, but suddenly he found a length, and now and again sent the ball whizzing away from the bat most venomously. It will be interesting to see whether he can develop beyond his present inconsistency, and become unquestionably an England bowler.

THIS reminds me that in a month's time England play the West Indies at Lord's, so that already we have to begin to think in terms of representative cricket. And if we are thinking of the English attack, Clark, of Northampton, immediately springs to mind. I have heard Clark described as, on his day, the best bowler in the country, and that, I think, is not far short of the mark. Clark has already played for England, against South Africa at the Oval in 1929, but lately he has been trying his luck with the Lancashire League. He returned to Northamptonshire towards the end of last summer, and already this year he has given us further proof of his ability. He is a fast-medium left-hander, and he bowls that devastating ball which swings in to the leg-stump, and then straightens out viciously, rather better than anyone else now playing. Clark is decidedly one of the probables, provided that he can conquer a somewhat uncertain temperament.

Then what about our spin-bowlers, apart from Brown and Verity, now, apparently, in great form? Will Peebles come back, and how about Robins, most incalculable of twist merchants? Against the West Indies, a spinning attack should be particularly effective, though from what I have seen of our visitors, they shape quite soundly to the slower type of bowling.

It may be that for the first Test Match, at any rate, the Selectors will rely upon the members of the M.C.C. Australian team, and it would be a poor compliment to the West Indies to try too many newcomers. Still, there would surely be no harm in making a few experiments with younger players—batsmen like C. F. Walters, of Worcestershire, and Bakewell (Northants), Arnold (Hants), and Gregory (the Surrey all-rounder.) Gregory is the type of man we need to bring some zest into our cricket, and I wish L. G. Crawley could turn out more regularly, for his brilliant aggression would temper Sutcliffe's solidity admirably. However much we may congratulate Jardine's team upon their Australian triumphs, there is no doubt that we are short of the obvious successors to players like Hobbs and Woolley and Sutcliffe himself.

It is disturbing to note that most of our outstanding youngsters, the Bakewells and Arnolds, have so far appeared to lack the big match temperament. Paynter, fortunately, made good in Australia, and he should be a stand-by for many years to come, but where are the other batsmen who could take their chances as he took his?

Keeton, of Notts, is perhaps one of them, and this summer he should be given every opportunity to prove himself. Perhaps these are early days to say too much of D. F. Walker, the Oxford University freshman, but undoubtedly he shapes like an England player in the making.

IT is the principle that matters, though, and we may justifiably express the hope that the Selectors will have sufficient courage to build for the future. We know all about our Sutcliffes and our Hammonds and our Larwoods, but what we need is an infusion of young blood. Mind you, I do not for a moment suggest that we can afford to take our West Indian visitors lightly. So far, they may not have warmed up; the weather has been against them, and they are struggling to accustom themselves to sleepy wickets. Give them a little sunshine, however, and with fast turf and the incentive of a great occasion, and we shall find them a very different side. Of that I am sure.

Our Visitors in Action

Headley, the star West Indies batsman, playing at a ball from Nichols, from which he was caught by Eastman in the Essex v. West Indies match at Leyton

Silence is Golden

"Plum" Warner, joint manager of the M.C.C. team in Australia, on board the tender at Plymouth. All his "body-line" troubles are doubtless packed up in his old kit-bag and will not be opened in public

MAY, 1933

22nd to 31st inclusive

22nd **Racing.** Birmingham, Lewes, Hamilton Park.
Polo. Buenos Aires Cup, Ranelagh.
Croquet. Eastbourne, Felixstowe, Leamington.
Yachting. Royal Norfolk and Suffolk Y.C., Lowestoft.
Shows. Southern Command Horse Show, Tidworth. British Dance Festival Blackpool.
Lawn Tennis. Surbiton Tournament.

23rd **Racing.** Birmingham and Lewes Meetings.
Shows. Southern Command Horse Show, Tidworth.

24th EMPIRE DAY.
Racing. Brighton and Beverley Meetings. Cardiff Steeplechases. Curragh Meeting, Irish 1,000 Guineas.
Regattas. Sculling Dashes, Putney.
Shows. Chelsea Flower Show opens. Bath and West Show, Wimbledon. Royal Ulster Agricultural, Belfast. Shropshire & West Midland Agric. Society, Shrewsbury.
Cricket. Hampshire v. West Indies, Southampton.

25th **Racing.** Brighton and Beverley Meetings. Cardiff Stplchs.
Shows. Royal Tournament opens, Olympia.

26th **Racing.** Lingfield Pk., Chepstow and Ayr Meetings.
Shows. Royal Tournament, Olympia. Bath & West Show, Wimbledon. Chelsea Flower Show. Royal Ulster Agricultural Show, Belfast.
Yachting. Royal Clyde Y.C.
Coaching. Marathon, Wimbledon.

27th **Racing.** Windsor, Chepstow and Ayr. Sedgefield Stplchs.
Polo. Buenos Aires Cup Final, Ranelagh. Ladies' Nomination Cup Final, Roehampton.
Yachting. Royal Northern Y.C. Barry Y.C. Segrave Trophy Outboards, Cardiff. R.M.Y.C. Meetings and Trials, Poole. Royal Harwich Y.C.
Shows. Royal Tournament, Olympia. Bath & West Show, Wimbledon.
Golf. "Silver Tassie," Gleneagles.
Motoring. Shelsley Walsh Open Hill Climb. M.G. Car Club, Shelsley Walsh Rally.
Motor Cycling. Brooklands Meeting, B.M.C.R.C.
Lawn Tennis. West of Scotland Championships, Glasgow.
Athletics. Italian Olympics v. English A.A.A., White City.

29th **Racing.** Shirley Steeplechases.
Polo. 14/20th Hussars Cup, Tidworth.
Lawn Tennis. Hard Court Championships, Malvern. Tournament, Chiswick.
Rifle Shooting. R.A.F. Rifle Assoc. Prize Meeting, Bisley.
Golf. Professional Tournament, Leeds.
Croquet. Inter County Championship C.A., Hurlingham.

30th **Racing.** Epsom.
Shows. Royal Tournament, Olympia. Cambridge Agricultural Show, Ely.
Motoring. Indianapolis 500 miles race.

31st **Racing.** Epsom, The Derby.
Shows. Royal Counties Agricultural Society, Bournemouth. Royal Tournament, Olympia.

Greyhound Racing throughout the month.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

Books of the Week

Wine, Women and Song: By "Ericus"

IF it be true that the soul of a city lies in its food and its women, then Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer is the complete urban explorer. There is little he does not know about either of these delectable matters, and nothing about transcribing a town in terms of them. Accept his cheerful hedonism and I can imagine no more delightful companion on a jaunt round Central Europe. Or, for the matter of that, on a trip through the Black Country, or a trek through the Scinde Desert, so attractive is his zest in his fellow creatures and the delicacies of their dietary.

An American writer of repute, his latest book, *Berlin* (Cassell; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is a record of his impressions of that city and of Munich, Vienna and Buda-Pesth. But that is an ill and ungracious description of a book which, in its freshness and vitality, is as different from the usual run of travel books as chalk from cheese. Mr. Hergesheimer is an artist in words. You may say of his pictures that they reflect life from a narrow angle, but that does not detract from their colour, their witty grace and their essential truth. His pages are studded with such pictures. Of Berlin, city of young people, Spartan, deadly serious, impatient of shibboleths. Munich, Gothic in appearance and spirit, whose food and wine move the author to rhapsodies, agonisingly appetising to the reader. Vienna, graceful and faded, a town of memories—and superlative coffee. The Eastern colour and form of Buda-Pesth, the vigorous simplicity of her citizens and the allure of her Magyar maidens and primitive music. And, finally, a tranquil interlude at Egern, a village by the Tegernsee Lake. "The air on my balcony was immaculate. The dark, now, was almost accomplished. The lake was a solid, black, expanse with, at the rim, reflections laid like gold-leaf on its surface. A low sound of rowing stopped and music, a song, began. The darkness, the voices, encased in mountains, were profound with beauty. I made up my mind, in a poignant species of nonsense, never to leave Egern."

John Everard

Dr. A. J. Cronin's book, "Grand Canary," published a week or two ago, has achieved already a second edition. Dr. Cronin has deserted Scotland for the Canary Islands as the setting for his story

A reproduction of Henry Lamb's portrait of the Hon. Bryan Guinness, whose first novel, "Singing out of Tune," has been published by Putnam

THE War has brought us so many autobiographies of the escaping prisoner of war that he may almost be said to have acquired a literature of his own. Some of these stories have been good ones, some not so good, but all by virtue of their facts, if for no other reason, of real interest to a certain section, necessarily limited, of readers. In one sense, *Within Four Walls*, a reprint by Arnold at the modest price of 3*s.* 6*d.*, is the best of the lot. So expert did constant practice make its authors, Major M. C. C. Harrison, D.S.O., M.C., and Captain H. A. Cartwright, M.C., that they are able to offer a complete text-book on their subject, a comprehensive guide to the gentle art of gaol-breaking. Nor does their knowledge stop short at the actual slipping of the collar, for, with six escapes and a total distance of over one thousand miles, covered by train and on foot, to their credit, they 'ave hexplored hevery havenue—*more Gubbinsis*—of escaping technique. Add to these fascinating details the thrills of the actual escapes and the whimsically modest style of their telling, and you have an eminently readable book, packed with entertainment from start to finish.

SPRING's fictional fury is almost spent and outstanding novels are few and far between. *Jacob Across Jabbok* (Archer; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is really a treatise, sincere and painstaking, in the form of a novel. The authors, G. and M. J. Landa, take as a peg for their story the problems of Jewish Orthodoxy, as they affect the Shelman family of the East End and the Brocklows of the West. Some of the elder members—the fervently orthodox Moses Shelman, for example, and his engaging friend, Kolbonik—are real enough. But their young! Jew or Gentile, West End or East, Cambridge, Girton, or London County Council, they unite in a devastating suburban gentility that defied all my most conscientious efforts to sympathise with the earnestness of their aims.

RESTRAIN your initial impulse to hurl the book from you with a malediction on the obscurity of its phrasing, and you will find, as I did, enormous diversion in *Wasps* (Rich and Cowan; 7*s.* 6*d.*). Mr. Caradoc Evans is a satirist, first, foremost, and all the time, and, after a Delphic opening, he proceeds to have at all things Welsh and most things English with a keen understanding and a wasp-like humour that keeps one in a constant gurgle of appreciation. Bella, his heroine, is a queen among gold-diggers, whether as old-man's-darling in the Cardiganshire vicarage or the most refined of demi-mondaines in a London suburb; and her brother, David, a monument of glorious paradox. Apostle of Marriage, Liberalism, Cleaner Bathing, and anything else, likely to show a financial profit. But—and it is a big "but"—do not take Mr. Evans too seriously or your joy may turn to lamentation, so ruthless is his insight, so envenomed his pen.

SWOOPING kaleidoscopically down the past sixty years, *Sailing Swiftly, Swiftly* (Putnam; 6*s.*), is aptly named. It is difficult to classify this attractive little chronicle by Jack B. Yeats. A novel—which it is not—is the nearest we can get to it, for it, at least, follows the canons of fiction. The friendship between those bluff hearties, Thady O'Malley, of County Mayo, and the horse-dealer, Jasper Newbigging, and the pleasantly unpretentious career of Thady's son, Lawrence, provide a swift-moving vehicle for a profusion of thumb-nail character sketches, brilliantly descriptive of contemporary modes and manners. Mr. Yeats catches the spirit of the passing years and presents it with all the sparkle and charming inconsequence of a first-rate intimate revue.

I WOULD commend to your notice two out-of-the-ordinary detective stories: *An Oxford Tragedy*, by J. C. Masterman (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*), for its literary quality and the gracious dignity of its scholastic atmosphere; and *Death Behind the Door*, by Victor MacClure (Harrap; 7*s.* 6*d.*), for the ingenuity of its problem and the excellence of its characterisation.

151 FITTINGS AND VARIATIONS IN THE

NEW TAILORING

Austin Reed

OF REGENT STREET

It is an interesting fact that in spite of the relationship between the feminine mind and the subject of clothes the majority of women agree with the majority of men that a man's clothes should be seen and not heard.

We have morning coats and waistcoats for six guineas; striped trousers for one pound fifteen shillings and sixpence, and two pounds five shillings and sixpence.

ELEVEN 'NEW TAILORING' CENTRES

West End: 103-113 Regent St., W.1 24 Coventry St. W.1
City: 13 Fenchurch Street, E.C.3. *Glasgow, Birmingham. Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, Bristol, Belfast*

P.2453

AUSTIN REED LTD. LONDON

"BYSTANDER" SPECIAL FLYING SECTION

AIR CRUISING in 1933

Flying Cheaper and More Popular—British 'Planes and Pilots set the Fashion

By Capt. C. E. Ward
"The Bystander"
Flying Correspondent

Above, the Airspeed "Courier," with a "Lynx" engine flying at 160 m.p.h. It is in this machine that Sir Alan Cobham and Squadron-Leader Helmore propose to fly to Australia non-stop, being refuelled four times in the air en route

A flying meeting at Woodley, where the Reading Aero Club is holding an "At-Home" on Saturday next, May 27. At Woodley, also, Phillips and Powis are manufacturing the "Hawk," the latest two-seater, which is to be sold for less than £400

The Airport, "Syzclock," at Heston, the first of its kind to be installed, the time from which can be seen by a pilot flying many thousands of feet above. The clock is operated from the normal electric light supply, and is floodlit to be visible at night

FLYING continues to confound its critics—quite soon there will be no critics who have not flown themselves, for air travel has become normal and quite as cheap as first-class transport by any other means. There are still many people who dislike travelling, and to them one can recommend the air-way with confidence, because it has robbed travel of its discomforts. The passenger by air is conducted from door to door without having to move a finger to help himself; perhaps I should say, herself, as women maintain a slight majority on the air routes. There is no risk of losing one's luggage—insurance rates for baggage and freight by air are lower than those sent by train and boat. People fuss far more about their bags than about themselves, and, therefore, I mention personal safety as a secondary consideration. It is significant that the premium for an individual flying to India by Imperial Airways is lower than that for surface travel. Scientists assure us that the noise in the cabins of "Heracles" is less by several decibels than that in a Wagon-Lit or its daytime equivalent, and, knowing both equally well, I 'm certain that they are right. Pullman car comfort by air is available to most countries in Europe, to India and Africa. Every British air-liner is a "limited" express, equipped with a buffet bar and the usual offices; motor-coach connections at all terminals and the best hotels for night halts on long journeys are included in the fare. A return ticket to Paris costs £7 4s., and a single to Nairobi, £109, the latter as cheap as the best cabin on a first-class boat, quite apart from the fact that it takes 6½ days by air as against three to four weeks by steamer. Passenger traffic by air, especially on the routes operated by Imperial Airways, has doubled itself in the past year.

Flying Begins at Home

MORE people are flown than fly themselves, and, therefore, the interest of the majority must lie in the facilities for flying as a means for getting from A to B in the shortest possible time and in the standard of comfort achieved, rather than in the technical aspects of machines and their operation. In England we have suffered too long from the obsession that aeroplanes cannot compete for public favour with trains owing to the relatively short distances involved, and the efficiency of the British railways. Recent experiments have proved that there is a public demand for air-ferries and cross-country services off the main railway routes. One of the first to attract attention was that from Bristol to Cardiff, operated from the Municipal Airports at either end by Norman Edgar. There has been a service from Portsmouth to the Isle of Wight since last summer, and one has just been started from Heston to the Island, using three-engined Spartan Cruisers, and running twice a day each way, including Sundays. The return fare from Airway Terminus, Victoria, is fifty-five shillings, and the time taken, from door to door, 100 minutes.

The Great Western Air Service

AN outstanding event of the year has been the entry of the Great Western Railway into the field of air-route operation. Taking

(Continued on page 352)

H.35

PRODUCED BY

THE BLENDERS OF THE WORLD'S FASTEST PETROL

Chas. E. Brown

Mr. W. Heath Robinson, the well-known cartoonist, transformed this harmless "Drone" into a Chinese dragon for the benefit of the British Hospitals Air Display. The "Drone" is a single-seater with an 8 h.p. engine, used by clubs to provide flying at cheap rates

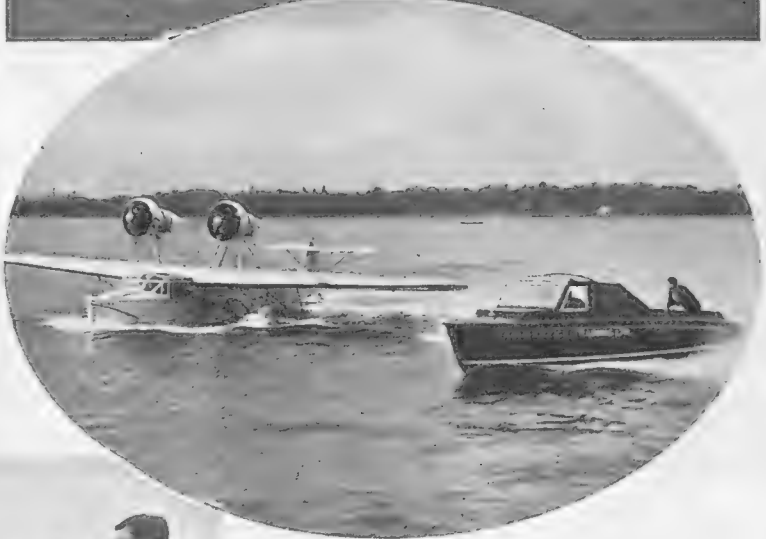
(Continued from page 350)

advantage of the powers granted by Parliament in 1929, the Company is running services from South Devon, using Haldon Aerodrome to serve the entire district, to South Wales, with Cardiff as the terminal. Extensions to Plymouth, where the city has built an airport at Roborough, and to Birmingham are to follow. Westland three-engined air-liners and pilots are being hired from Imperial Airways until sufficient experience has been gained to decide on permanent routes and the best type of flying-stock. Road transport concerns have also anticipated the need for speedier travel in England. Mr. Edward Hillman ran a service to Clacton last year in conjunction with an air-taxi rank, and has extended his area to include Paris, using twin-engined de Havilland Dragons for the cross-Channel work. North of the Border, "Scottish Motor Traction" owns more than twenty machines, including Fox Moth taxiplanes, Dragons, and Airspeed Ferries. An organisation, which counts Lord Malcolm Douglas Hamilton as its chief pilot, has been flying a Saro Cloud amphibian in Scotland on ferry and special charter work. Its sphere of influence extends through the Western Islands to Ulster and the Isle of Man, territory which can be served best by flying-boats because of the sea crossings involved.

Taxis at All Aerodromes

THIS is not a statement of fact—merely an indication of what can be expected when flying becomes a properly organised service at every town. There are still far too few aerodromes, especially at business centres or pleasure resorts where they are most needed. The G.W.R. cannot land its passengers at Torquay or Taunton; such varied centres as Oxford, Harrogate, Sheffield and Edinburgh have no proper facilities for handling air transport; ten counties in England, all Welsh counties except one, and all Scottish, except two, are without a licensed aerodrome of any kind. London, with two Customs Airports

The club-house at Hanworth Aerodrome, probably the finest building of its kind in the world. National Flying Services has its headquarters at Hanworth, and controls seven other flying clubs in the provinces



A "Cutty Sark" amphibian used by Air Service Training, of Hamble, shown taxy-ing on Southampton Water, with a "British Power Boat" in attendance. A.S.T. is the leading school for training in aeronautics

at Croydon and Heston, Lympne for Folkestone, and Barton for Manchester, are the clearing stations for foreign air travel from England. Air taxis are available at Croydon from Surrey Flying Services, which concern also operates a School at Gatwick, one of the pleasantest aerodromes in England. Heston, on the Great West Road, and Hanworth, the headquarters of National Flying Services, have 'planes which can be hired at short notice.

Service for the Public

AN aerodrome is the centre around which are grouped all those services for the public that uses aviation, from the manufacture of machines and engines to the provision of restaurants, bars, workshops, Customs, flood-lights for night-flying, Schools and shops where the latest two-seaters may be viewed before purchase. The landing ground proper sets the

(Continued on page 354)

The control-tower at Brooklands overlooks the Aerodrome and the Track; in the building underneath are situated offices, a restaurant, and rooms reserved for Club members. The Brooklands School, College of Aeronautical Engineering, Press Aero Club, Vickers Aviation and Hawkers fly at Brooklands

The World's Air Speed Record was broken on April 10th *(subject to official confirmation)* at Lake Garda, by a Macchi-Castoldi 72 Seaplane piloted by Warrant Officer Francesco Agello. The Fiat engine was lubricated with Castrol, as chosen by Sir Malcolm Campbell for his Rolls-Royce engine in breaking the Land Speed Record at 272 m.p.h.

C. C. Wakefield & Co. Ltd. **(ALL BRITISH FIRM)** Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2

(Continued from page 352)

standard by which a place is judged. Ridge and furrow, hollows, soft patches of soil, pools of water after rain are dangerous to aircraft, so that those grounds such as at Heston, Harmondsworth and Portsmouth, which have been treated by Mr. Hunter, of Chester, are popular with pilots because any land inside the boundary is safe for alighting and taking-off. Croydon, Lympne, Heston and Hanworth are the only aerodromes properly equipped for night flying. At Heston, the Chance Shadow-Bar Floodlight, developed in co-operation with the Airport owners, has set a fashion which is being copied all over the world. New aerodromes around London, which will be of value to the public, include Gravesend on the direct route from Germany, Holland and N.W. Europe, the Hillman site at Romford and Rochford, near Southend. The "A.A." has extended its scheme of inspecting and registering landing-grounds which can be used by members who fly, whilst owners of large estates, proprietors of country hotels and clubs are realising that their friends, guests, or members who own machines must have a landing-place that is safe in all weathers.

On Learning to Fly

On May 1st, Lloyd's and the British Corporation Register contained particulars of 1043 civil machines which held British Certificates of Airworthiness, together with forty-seven machines owned abroad but registered in England. Men owned 375, women 46, agents held 52 for sale, constructors had 120 ready for delivery, whilst members' clubs were using 67 and National Flying Services 31. Next, in point of numbers to those privately owned by men, came the surprisingly large total of 266 used as taxis for school work and joy-flying. Schools have increased their scope during the past year, and it is safe to state that nowhere in the world is training so thorough or so comprehensive as in England. At Hamble, where Air Service Training is established as an aviation university, twenty-three machines of nine different types are in use. Students of twenty-two nationalities have been in residence to obtain the British Certificates for flying and aeronautical engineering that will give them equivalent advantages that a degree confers in any other profession. The College of Aeronautical Engineering in Chelsea has its flying centre at Brooklands, where pre-war pilots learnt to taxi before they could fly. To-day Brooklands also houses the Vickers factory, and is the home of the famous Hawker series of high-speed fighting machines, seven different types of which are in use by the R.A.F. at the present time. As much as 1000 hours flying has been carried out by the latest R.A.F. Hawker types before overhaul.

The School Moth

Moths are still in the majority for private tuition; the de H. School at Hatfield, run for officers of the R.A.F. Reserve and for civilians who want individual tuition at moderate cost, uses ten Tiger Moths and a number of the ordinary two-seater Gipsy type. The Airwork School at Heston is the nearest to London, and has the advantage for pupils of being the centre of more varied flying activity than any other Airport, excepting perhaps Croydon. Incidentally, Airwork, of Heston, has taken over the management of the Airport of Manchester, and operates a school and taxi service in Egypt and Iraq through its associated Companies. Outside London there are other schools

Martin Hearne giving a demonstration of wing-walking at one of Sir Alan Cobham's displays, this summer, visiting three hundred towns. The machine is an "Avro" of the type on which thousands of war-time pilots learnt to fly

Charles E. Brown

The Autogiro, in its latest form, without a fixed wing, control being maintained by a lever which tilts the rotor that revolves above the pilot's head. This type has a speed range from 15 to 100 m.p.h., and is a remarkable advance towards a 'plane which can rise and descend vertically

Transferring air freight at Croydon. The "Puss" Moth belonging to J. S. Fry and Sons has brought urgent cargo from Bristol in time to catch the mail-'plane outward bound for India

at Reading, where Phillips and Powis are building the "Hawk" monoplane, at Gatwick, mentioned previously in connection with Surrey Flying Services, and at Brough, in East Yorks, where Blackburn all-metal Trainers are in use.

Members' Clubs

Those who want social amenities as well as flying, and are not concerned with aviation as a career, or others who don't really mind whether they become a pilot in a week or a year, should join the nearest Club. The main difference between Clubs and Schools is that the former charge less for flying when they are subsidised by the Government, whilst the latter turn

(Continued on page 362)

R.A.F. Official: Crown Copyright Reserved

.....Like Arion on the dolphin's back
Ride singing through the shoreless air .....

Steep pinnacles whose substance is of dreams, blown wisps of foam in the wake of a westerly gale, white pastures glistening in the morning sun . . . .

Here is an unexplored country in our own friendly skies, a changing playground for the man who is not content that only his thoughts shall fly aloft . . . .

We have a key to unlock the shackles of the clinging earth, a swift charger, trembling with controlled energy and docile under the touch of foot and hand . . . . .

These are no vapourings of a dreamer and a visionary—these to the flyer are the facts of every day. The proof of them lies at Heston. We await your questioning.

AIR HESTON PORT

Advertisement of Airwork Limited, Heston Airport, Great West Road *Telephone: Hayes 410*

Travel in Comfort by Air

By Sir Harry Brittain, K.B.E., C.M.G., LL.D.

Who returned recently from a journey of 16,000 miles by air liner to Cape Town and back

The Earl of Bandon, who is in the R.A.F., returning with Lady Bandon by Imperial Airways liner from Kenya to Egypt. This snapshot was taken at 4000 feet over the Sudan by Sir Harry Brittain with a Williamson camera

Sir Harry Brittain, with his son and daughter, inspecting "Artemis" at Croydon Airport before the start of his tour through Africa. "Artemis," an Armstrong-Whitworth 'plane, equipped with four Armstrong-Siddeley engines, is one of eight similar machines flying on Imperial Airways' tropical routes

A JOURNEY through Africa is no light-hearted undertaking, and I counted myself fortunate in being able to fly there, for by no other means could I cover the ground in the time at my disposal. One of the advantages in living during the third decade of the twentieth century is in being able to visit places that were quite inaccessible to the ordinary traveller only ten years ago. Thanks to Imperial Airways, the Middle East, India, and the whole of Eastern Africa is only a matter of days distant from London, which I left on February 6th, returning on March 27th, having spent seven weeks on a tour of investigation to Cape Town and numerous places en route.

Outward bound, I travelled in "Artemis," a brand-new Armstrong-Whitworth 'plane which was being delivered for service in South Africa. Knowing that Artemis, as a mythological person had been the Goddess of hunting upon the Earth, the Moon, and the Heavens, and was also one of the presiding deities of the underworld, this seemed to indicate that I should be quite safe, wherever we landed. In actual fact, we progressed through the sky from aerodrome to aerodrome with comfort and celerity, and I should like to pay a tribute, not only to the efficiency of Imperial Airways service, but to the courtesy and helpfulness of those officials who come into contact with passengers—that is, the pilots, wireless operators, stewards and station managers all along the route, which stretches for more than 8000 miles through twelve different countries. Being a traveller on a delivery flight, my journey by air was not broken in Paris, to be continued at Brindisi, for we flew all the way to the African coast via Paris, Marseilles, Naples and Malta. I look forward to the day when the artificial barrier of frontiers is entirely removed, for it is essential to trade and friendly relations that all nations co-operate in developing the airways as the most rapid and effective means of transport.

No better facilities at an air junction could be desired than those at Marseilles, where the huge aerodrome adjoins a lake on which flying boats can manœuvre in safety at all seasons. My crossing of the Mediterranean to Italy and Malta was notable chiefly for a pleasant introduction to warmer weather. I was particularly glad we landed at Malta, for it is an island full of interest to the traveller, and, in the near future, should be a valuable link in the chain of Empire air communications, just in the same way as it has served as a naval base and port of call for our ships.

AFRICA has a fascination which is peculiar to itself, and I can think of no better introduction to Egypt, the Nile, the great desert, the vast hunting grounds of the Sudan, or the plateau which stretches from Uganda, fully 3000 miles south and always between 4000 and 8000 feet high almost to the suburbs of Cape Town, than to arrive as I did, seated in my comfortable *chaise longue*, with a cooling drink at my elbow, having flown above the haze and watched the gigantic panorama gradually unfold itself.

Quite soon, the "Dark Continent," now a misnomer, will be completely traversed by air lines, and everybody journeying for a hundred miles or more will fly there, instead of going slowly and, probably, uncomfortably by car, train, or boat.

Every normal travel expense is included in the cost of the ticket, and there are no lengthy Customs formalities at frontier towns, everything being done to speed the Royal Mail, its passengers and freight on their way. Lost luggage, sleepless nights in dusty trains, irritating delays at wayside stations, wet journeys by ferry-boat across a choppy harbour to board a steamship are unpleasant memories of an age of travel which is past for those young enough to test the new method for themselves. And speaking of age, I have found men and women over fifty quite as numerous on the air liners as young people, which is natural enough when one remembers that advancing years bring with them a desire for comfort and freedom from unnecessary worries.

I found "Artemis" quiet enough for conversation, peaceful reading and an occasional nap—ventilation was such that the cabin was cool even when flying over the desert, and yet not chilly at 10,000 feet above the Mau Escarpment in Kenya, or at 12,000 feet over the Hex River Mountains approaching Cape Town. Large windows of Triplex glass enable an uninterrupted view to be obtained of the scenery, and in Africa this includes many glimpses of big game—herds of elephant in the Sudan, thousands of zebra, giraffe, buck of all descriptions, hippo and crocodiles on the river banks in Central Africa—besides the inanimate works of Nature and examples of man's architectural progress through the ages. If I were asked to list the wonders of the world, as seen on the flight through Africa, I would name the Pyramids, the Murchison Falls in Uganda, the snow-capped summit of Kilimanjaro, rising nearly 20,000 feet and situated, strange as it may seem for snow, a few miles from the Equator, the first glimpse of Table Mountain some sixty miles away, and in the Sudan swamps, the herd of elephant which must number many hundreds, and could never be approached on foot.

MY return from Cape Town, where I spent a most enjoyable but strenuous week, was, by ordinary Airways' liners, but no less interesting than the journey out, and I had the additional experience of travel in two other types of machine from

(*Continued on page 358*)

GREAT BRITAIN'S BIGGEST "HEAVIER THAN AIR" CRAFT · SIX ROLLS-ROYCE BUZZARD ENGINES

Major C. C. Turner, writing in the **"Daily Telegraph,"** says:
"I AM sure there is not on record any parallel in aircraft construction, on anything approaching so big a scale, of such high technical importance, of such instant realisation in practice of design intentions."

SHORT BROS. (ROCHESTER & BEDFORD) LTD.

ROCHESTER, KENT

'Phone : Chatham 2261

Air Service Training

Limited

The leading Aeronautical Training Centre of the World

Formed in 1931, under the Chairmanship of AIR MARSHAL SIR J. F. HIGGINS, K.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., A.F.C., the School provides for CIVILIANS a standard of flying and ground training hitherto only obtainable in the R.A.F. LONG and SHORT COURSES are arranged to suit INDIVIDUAL REQUIREMENTS.

The Long Course which lasts from 3 to 3½ years and includes flying and ground training for ALL AIR MINISTRY LICENCES and the A.S.T. BLIND FLYING CERTIFICATE costs only £2.16.8 per flying hour.

The School is unique in the possession of WIRELESS-EQUIPPED aircraft.

The SCHOOL FLEET includes seaplanes, twin-engine amphibians, a multi-engine air liner, high-powered army co-operation and fighter machines and also light and medium-powered general purpose aircraft.

Since its inception, officer and civilian pupils of over twenty different nationalities have undergone training at A.S.T.

The School is under contract to the Air Ministry for the training of the R.A.F. Reserve.

Britain's Air University, Hamble, Southampton

AST71A

Special Engines for Training

140 h.p. Genet Major. 215 h.p. Lynx
260 h.p. Cheetah (Lynx Major)

PRACTICAL experience all over the world has proved that the range of **seven cylinder Siddeley engines** covers the whole field of training requirements perfectly.

• • •

Seven cylinder Siddeley engines have been fitted in training aircraft for the past 12 years and to-day are used for training in 12 different countries of the world.

Seven cylinder Siddeley engines have been and are being used in greater numbers and to a larger extent for training than any other engine in Europe.

• • •

And to-day, as in the past, **seven cylinder Siddeley engines** have been chosen as the standard power unit for the training machines of the British Air Force.

ARMSTRONG

SIDDELEY

FLOWN AND KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY MOTORS LTD. COVENTRY

BP247E

Travel in Comfort by Air

(Continued from page 356)

Khartoum northwards. We were late at Khartoum and Captain Alcock was faced with the problem of covering the 1200-mile stage to Cairo in one day. I expect he was tired at the end of the journey, but, seated in a comfortable arm-chair of "Horsa's" cabin, I could gaze down on the Nile, eat my meals, read and sleep with equanimity. "Horsa" is a Handley-Page machine, similar to those which are familiar to all passengers to Paris, but suitably modified for tropical climates. When I say that every seat was occupied and there is a waiting-list at every airport for accommodation by the next mail-plane, it is apparent that this Imperial service is appreciated. Many sections of the route through Africa need a duplication of machines already, especially from Khartoum to Cairo, from Tanganyika northwards, and from Rhodesian airports to those in South Africa. Branch lines are in operation from Nairobi to the Coast at Mombasa, Dar-es-Salaam and Zanzibar, from Broken Hill to the Belgian Congo, from S. Rhodesia to Nyassaland and Portuguese East, and from the Union to the South-West African coastal ports.

At Cairo, we boarded the flying boat which was to take us to Italy via Alexandria, Crete, Athens, and Corfu. I have flown in many 'planes of different nationalities, but never with such a feeling of safety as in the Short "Scipio" boats, which are second to none flying the British flag. There is something solid about this flying-boat hull that gives one the impression that it is stronger than a land 'plane, and considering that it has to withstand the buffeting of the sea when landing at sixty miles an hour, it is perhaps natural that this should be so. Our pilot, Captain Drew, flew the boat the whole way from Cairo to Brindisi and over the Grecian Archipelago, gave me the greatest thrill of all, a view of all that country made famous in story and in verse from the earliest days of recorded history, and wondrously beautiful.

My air journey of 16,000 odd miles ended at Croydon, and I was able to congratulate Imperial Airways from first-hand knowledge on the efficiency of their service which had borne me in safety and comfort over many countries, through fair weather and some of it foul, by day and occasionally by night. Already the journey time has been reduced to ten days, one day less than I took, and in a few years from now, Egypt will be two days from London, Nairobi four, and Cape Town, seven. Which only serves to indicate the importance to the Empire of our air communications, for by trade alone can we hope to increase our prosperity, and trade now follows the 'plane.

Cape Town, with Table Mountain in the background, which is now only ten days distant from London. The route, over 8000 miles in length, is traversed once a week in each direction by an Imperial air-mail service

Coming Events

May	27.	Reading Aero Club "At Home."
,,	30.	Wilbur Wright Memorial Lecture, London.
June	4.	Skegness Flying Meeting.
,,	5.	"Morning Post" Race, Heston.
,,	5.	Lincs Air Pageant, Grimsby.
,,	5.	Northants Air Pageant, Sywell.
,,	7.	Household Brigade Meeting, Heston.
,,	10.	Henly's Rally, Heston.
,,	11.	International Meeting, Brussels.
,,	15-18.	Aero Club of France Tourist 'Plane Meeting.
,,	16.	Mayor's Garden-Party, Eastbourne.
,,	16-17.	Opening of Inverness Airport.
,,	17.	Bristol Airport Summer Meeting.
,,	17.	Charity Display, Maidstone.
,,	17-18.	International Meeting, Lyon.
,,	21.	The Prince of Wales opens Norwich Airport.
,,	23.	R.A.F. Dinner Club, Connaught Rooms.
,,	24.	Royal Air Force Display, Hendon
July	1.	Merseyside Display, Liverpool Airport.

SOME OF THE OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENTS ON SHELL PRODUCTS

1909 Mr. Louis Bleriot — First Cross Channel flight — *Shell Spirit.*

1913 Mr. Prevost—First Schneider Trophy Race won at 45 miles per hour—*Shell Spirit.*
Out of eleven Schneider Trophy Races seven have been won on fuel supplied by Shell.

1919 Capt. John Alcock and Lt. Whitten Brown—First Transatlantic flight, Newfoundland to Ireland in 16 hours 12 minutes—*Shell Aviation Spirit.*

1929 Squadron-Leader Jones-Williams and Flight-Lieutenant Jenkins—First and only non-stop flight England to India —*Special Shell Aviation Spirit.* 4,130 miles in 50½ hrs.

1931 Lt.-Com. Glen Kidston, R.N.—Record flight England to Cape Town via Cairo in 6 days 9 hours 5 minutes. Average speed 131.8 miles per hour—*Shell Aviation Spirit and AeroShell Oil.*

1932 Mr. J. A. Mollison—Dublin to New Brunswick in 24 hours 10 minutes. First solo Atlantic flight from East to West. First North Atlantic flight in light aeroplane. Fastest East to West crossing of Atlantic—*Shell Aviation Spirit.*

1932 Capt. C. F. Uwins—World's Altitude Record, 43,976 feet—*AeroShell Oil.*

1932 Herr von Gronau—Round the World flight—*Shell Aviation Spirit and AeroShell Oil.*

1932 Mrs. J. A. Mollison—Record flights, England to Cape Town and Cape Town to England — *Shell Aviation Spirit.*

1933 Squadron-Leader O. R. Gayford, D.F.C., A.F.C., and Flight-Lieutenant G. E. Nicholetts, A.F.C.—Non-stop flight, England to Walfish Bay (South Africa), 5,340 miles—*Special Shell Aviation Spirit.*

1933 Capt. Skarzynski — Flight from Warsaw to South America including record crossing of the South Atlantic —*Shell Aviation Spirit and AeroShell Oil.*

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

Concerning Le Touquet

Le Touquet, situated halfway between London and Paris, one of the best-known and most modern towns on the Continent, is the rendezvous for the smart set of the European capitals during the summer months. In 1883 it consisted of a few fishermen's cottages on the banks of the River Canche, and it owes its development almost entirely to British enterprise. A beautiful forest, planted in 1900, stretches for miles at the back of the sand-dunes, and in its shady clearings are to be found some of the prettiest villas in France. There are three golf-courses, the longest being 6782 yards, the second slightly over 6000 yards, and the nine-hole course 2392 yards. Race meetings are held in July and August, the Drag Hounds meet every week during the season, and the Horse Show is one of the events in the Continental calendar. The centre of attraction at Le Touquet, and the one which is available in all weathers, is, of course, the world-famous Casino, around which are grouped the leading hotels, notably the Hermitage, which has frequently been favoured by the Prince of Wales.

Le Touquet has, as its annexe, Paris-Plage, where the largest sea-water swimming-bath in Europe was opened last year. Safe bathing is available at all states of the tide, the water being artificially heated in cold weather, and there is luxurious accommodation for more than 3000 spectators around the pool. The months of July and August provide a continuous round of fêtes of every description, whilst those who need a quiet holiday will find pleasant relaxation in delightful surroundings. The boat-trains stop at Etaples for Le Touquet, but travel is simpler by air.

L'heure du Café at the Hermitage, the leading hotel of Le Touquet

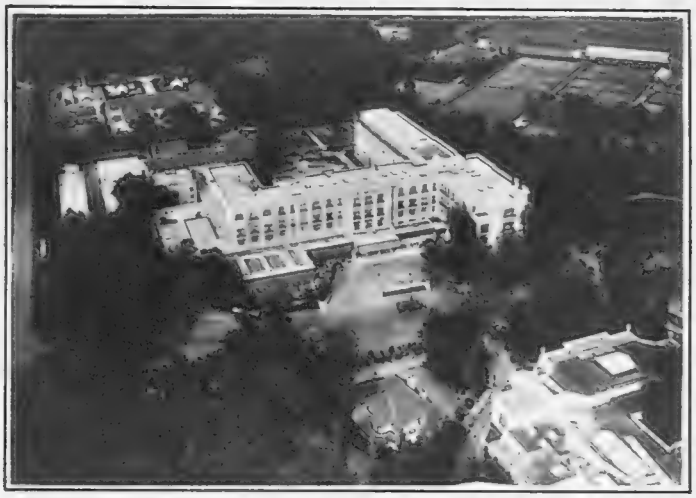
The "Golden Clipper," an Air Union liner on the London—Le Touquet—Paris route. Passengers by air are collected and set down at the Hermitage Hotel, there being two services to London every day

THE HERMITAGE

THE HOTEL THAT MADE **LE TOUQUET**

ENTRANCE TO HERMITAGE HOTEL

Facing Casino and adjacent to Tennis Club



HERMITAGE HOTEL FROM THE AIR

RE-OPENS for SEASON JUNE 1ST.

Same management:—

HOTEL ATLANTIC

First-class, facing Sea

Also:—

MARSEILLES: HOTEL NOAILLES,

Canebière

F. RECOUSSINE, Managing Director

The Pleasures of Amateur Flying

Mr. Gordon Selfridge, Jnr., with Miss Rosalind Norman at Heston, which is the private pilot's airport for London, being complete with a Customs House, floodlighting for night landings, an hotel, restaurant, and workshops. Joe Mullins, known by everybody who visits Heston, is seen below at the door of the car

By
H. Gordon Selfridge, Jnr.

THE first time I flew was in 1920. It was a filthy trip, with my father, against a gale to Edinburgh, and finished with a forced landing and a broken tail-unit. My family, whom we had left at King's Cross on our way to Hendon, met us almost immediately, having arrived before we had. It wasn't a good introduction to flying, and was my father's last trip. He has ever since refused to enter a cabin aeroplane, though I know he would enjoy a trip in a modern open machine like a Hart. I took several air-liner flights to the Continent, and finally decided, just about the time of the last Olympia Aero Show, in 1929, to learn to fly. I was very impressed with three engines—two recent trips to Berlin and Paris had "finished on two," quite happily—but Jack de Sibour soon knocked that idea out of my head. He had retaken his ticket on a Cirrus II. Moth a year or two before, and he arranged with the De Havilland School to start me off. Many people long continue to give their flying instructor the sort of schoolboy hero-worship that is almost necessarily evolved while teaching is actually going on, and that respect, and the desire not to go against the instructor's wishes, is probably one of the greatest factors for safety among early soloists. Personally, I still feel it in the case of Captain Reeve, who is in charge of the De Havilland School, and is developing Hatfield Aerodrome into one of the best in the country.

So many carefully prepared accounts of the cost of flying have been published that it is not worth while being expansive on the subject here, but it doesn't cost me more than £350 a year, including depreciation, to own and fly a Puss Moth; and that works out, with the limited amount of flying that I am able to do, at about sixpence a mile. I fly only at week-ends, with an occasional Continental trip or two when time permits. And again, so much has been written about the safety of flying that I 'm not going to do more than say, with "hand on my heart," that flying as a private owner to-day is safer than driving one's own car. Now for the pleasures of flying as a hobby, six of which I can recall as first-class thrills. The first time you go up; the first time solo; your first solo cross-country flight; the first trip across the Channel, landing to find a different language spoken, and cars travelling on the wrong side of the roads; the first time above the clouds; and your first solo flight at night. You get them all in due course, but, above all, there is the perpetual thrill of being sole master of your own destiny—of being unapproachable by any human contact when flying.

FLYING in England is sport; distances are not too great, and known landmarks numerous enough to obviate the most painstaking of navigation. There is pleasure in the view, for the country never looks the same twice. Flying in the wonderful weather we had in April, when there were large splashes of colour from the orchards in blossom other than the regulation shades of green, and when the Chiltern valleys were beginning to show an evening mist and the late sun threw long shadows from hill-top to hill-top, was marvellous. Flying makes you realise how unique are the country houses of England—hundreds of them that are never seen from the roads. Being up above in the fresh, clean air, it gives one a grand feeling of superiority to realise what an awful time the motorist is having on a hot Sunday afternoon trundling along in a mile-long queue at twenty-five miles an hour. It 's fun looking at the sea, through the Shoreham Gap, from 8000 feet straight above Heston; or the Crystal Palace from Faversham in Kent, or the French Coast south of Le Touquet when flying over Tonbridge. It 's almost one of my major thrills to get above the artificial horizon of a layer of haze and see a blue sky that seems different and literally brighter even than in Egypt.

YOU have got to land at the end of every trip; and no two landings can be done in exactly the same way. It is in the approach where skill comes in, for most people can touch the ground properly once they get near enough to the part of it they want to touch. People who have flown enormously more than any amateur tell me that they get the same feeling of interest, and the attraction of having to concentrate, every time they shut the throttle and wind the tail-plane back to gliding position. A prettily judged, successfully carried out tarmac landing makes one feel good for the rest of the day. The thrills of flying aren't always, perhaps, so pleasant, but they 're *always* interesting. Once I was led back across the Channel to find twenty-four stalwarts dotted about on Lympne Aerodrome to catch four wretched Moths and hold them to the ground in a wind gusting up to fifty-four miles an hour.

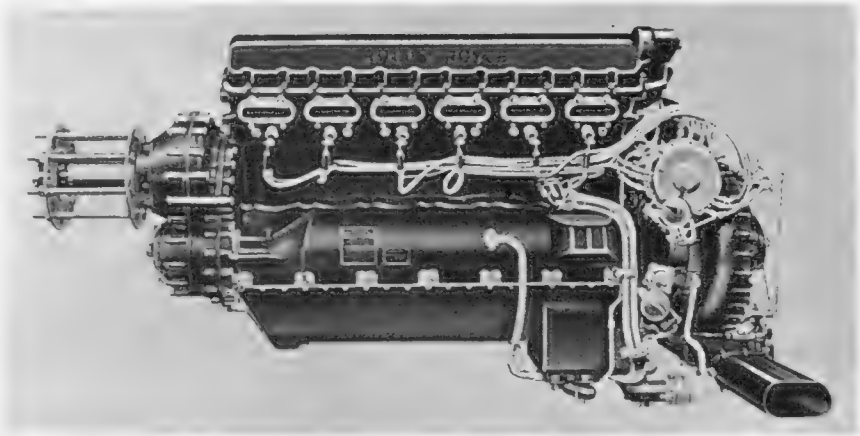
Where all these people came from nobody knows, but, in the emergency, Dupe produced them magnificently from somewhere. Before I got my ticket, I had been told that if the sea-wards hill at Lympne was covered by cloud you could very often avoid having to land at Littlestone by going along the low-lying ground to the Lydd-Ashford railway, following it to the main line, turning down it to the racecourse, when a right turn would take you to the easiest side of the aerodrome. I found this to be a useful hint two years later, and others, with much more experience than any amateur, have told me how handy have been minor bits of flying gossip passed on in this way.

To the real private owner, no excuse for flying is necessary, but it 's pleasant to have an aim. I have a number, at graduated distances. For a summer evening cocktail I like the Quarry Hotel, on the river at Bourne End ; it 's just eight minutes from Heston, with a field that lets you taxi right up to the back door. For a winter's Sunday lunch, or a late Saturday tea trip in summer, there 's Gatwick, with a sixteenth-century club-house right on the aerodrome, or the Fountain Hotel at Fenny Stratford, where they meet you with a car at the field by the time you land. They 're both about twenty-five minutes away. And then, to impress the un-airminded, you can get to Cowes in forty minutes; it would take an uncomfortable three hours, if you 're lucky with the ferry, by any other means. But that 's only part of my list, and there are dozens of other places to fly to; people seem to think that there aren't proper facilities for flying to a given spot yet—and they 're right—but there are more aerodromes per thousand square miles in England than in any other country in the world. The " A.A." survey and publish in a series of monthly bulletins, information on dozens of safe, though not officially controlled, landing-fields.

Pilots at the "Air Service Training" School are taught to fly with parachutes; our picture shows a pupil handling his " Irvin " 'Chute in a breeze. " Irvins " are standard equipment in the R.A.F. and in thirty foreign countries

The real goal of the pilot who likes flying lies in a trip abroad, and for that purpose speed counts. For me, Continental flying is a little more of a business—one is inclined to get weather reports more carefully, and I certainly fly higher. Somehow, a trip of twenty hours flying abroad, say to Vienna and back in a Puss Moth, gives one much more experience than the same amount of flying in this country, and it is certainly more interesting. Talking of speed, on the first organised air tour from Heston we left our Vienna hotel about half-past nine, were received at Prague by the Mayor, and given, after an astonishing lunch, a two-hour sight-seeing ride round the city, after which we flew to Berlin in time to be entertained at a formal dinner-party at half-past eight. On another occasion I left my hotel at Antibes at nine in the morning, for a meeting in London at half-past five, and I arrived certainly fresher than after a motor trip occupying half that time.

Quite emphatically, I believe it is just as essential, in these days of 1933, for those who can afford to keep an aeroplane to learn to fly. Speaking as a private owner, I say that flying is a hobby that is better than most. But private flying is a different thing from being a passenger in an air-liner. You 've got to pilot yourself to get the real æsthetic pleasure, and it 's no use being a pilot unless you have got your own aeroplane, so go to it and choose one.



"Rolls-Royce engines have placed our single and two-seater fighters not only at the head of the Air Arm of our Royal Navy, but also of our Royal Air Force and the Air Forces of other nations as well."—*Flight*

ROLLS-ROYCE

Aero Engines *for* Speed and Reliability

Air Cruising in 1933 *(Continued from page 354)*

out pilots more quickly, but at a slightly higher cost. Both are obliged by law to employ only licensed instructors, so that the quality of training in the air should be equally good, whichever is chosen. As an example of costs, the Bristol and Wessex Club charges twenty-five shillings an hour for solo flying, and an "A" Licence can be obtained for £28. At Newcastle, where three machines are used for instruction, the cost of "A" Licence flying is cheaper still at twenty-four shillings an hour, a figure which is bettered only at Hanworth and Maidstone for flying the "Drone" single-seater motor glider at less than £1 an hour. The Cinque Ports Club at Folkestone, and that at Sywell, Northampton, are controlled by the Brooklands organisation, whilst the Club at Plymouth is run by Surrey Flying Services using Gipsy Moths. For the Eastern Counties, there are two aerodromes at Ipswich and Colchester. Norfolk has its own Club at Norwich, operating at the Municipal Airport, which is to be opened formally by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales on June 21st. The Hampshire Club has moved to Southampton's Airport at Eastleigh and operates four machines. The Herts and Essex has its aerodrome at Broxbourne, and the Kent Club at Bekesbourne, the latter having the distinction of being owned by the oldest pilot in the country, Mr. R. C. Ramsay, who learnt to fly at the age of 71 and has flown solo nearly 10,000 miles on Moths and an Autogiro. There is the Club for Lancashire at Woodford, and one for Liverpool and District operating six machines at Hooton Park, which is also the northern headquarters of Brian Lewis and Co., the leading distributors of light aeroplanes. Leicestershire has its own Club with headquarters at Desford, and is associated particularly with Mr. Lindsay Everard, M.P. The London Club uses Stag Lane Aerodrome, Edgware, home town of the Moth, and the Midland, which was formed originally in 1909, Castle Bromwich, which is the Service aerodrome for Birmingham. The Scottish Club at Renfrew has a monopoly in its own country, and so has the Irish Aero Club in Dublin. The latter owns three Gipsy Moths, and flew more than 1000 hours last year without breaking a wire. National Flying Services controls seven Clubs with a total membership of 1315, of which 534 are qualified as pilots. Its headquarters at Hanworth, one of London's aerodromes, are used also by the Royal Naval Flying Club.

"The Aeroplane"

The Percival "Gull," a cabin de luxe which cruises easily at 140 miles an hour, flying over Heston. It is the latest of the closed three-seater types, and has had some remarkable performances to its credit of late

"Times" World Copyright

An Indian State visit to the aerodrome during the Houston-Everest Expedition. There is a striking contrast between the Westland "Pegasus" machine on the left, from which photographs were taken above the Himalayas at 32,000 feet, and the elephants in their ceremonial attire, symbols of the changeless fashions of the East

'Planes for Pleasure and Profit

SEVERAL developments have taken place since our review a year ago which mark a very definite advance in performance, both for the private owner and the commercial operator. A glider with an 8-horse-power engine and a top speed approaching 60 miles an hour promises cheap flying for thousands of people who cannot afford two-seater rates. The Autogiro has appeared without wings or control surfaces other than its revolving rotor. The Hawk, a two-seater monoplane cruising at 100 m.p.h., designed by S. G. Miles and built at Reading, is being sold for less than £400. Comper's have produced a single-seater Autogiro and a new racing model is promised for the International Meeting at Portsmouth. In the de luxe class, the Gull, designed by E. W. Percival, a pilot of many years' experience, is a distinctive cabin type, luxuriously fitted and capable of a top speed exceeding 160 miles an hour. The Gipsy, Hermes, or Napier "Six" are alternative power-units. Surrey Flying Services use a Hermes IV. model for fast taxi jobs, and B.A.N.C.O. at Heston is another concern which operates a Gull. The Fox Moth as a three-seater taxiplane, and the Dragon as an eight-seater for ferry work, can be operated at less than 1¾d. per passenger mile, this figure including insurance, maintenance, and depreciation. The "Courier," the first British civil machine with a retractable under-carriage, is an advance in design and the twin-engined Monospar is also to incorporate the same refinement. Bluebirds, Spartans, Avians, Redwings, and Moths of all varieties continue to sell and

(Continued on page 364)

"Flight"

The Hawker "Fury" with a Rolls-Royce "Kestrel" engine is the standard single-seater fighter of the Royal Air Force, and has been supplied to Yugo-Slavia and Norway. No less than seven different types of Hawker aircraft are in production for the R.A.F., and their latest machine, credited with 250 m.p.h., will fly at the R.A.F. Display

GREAT WESTERN AIR SERVICES

Between **BIRMINGHAM CARDIFF TEIGNMOUTH TORQUAY & PLYMOUTH**

Now in operation

WEEKDAYS and SUNDAYS

Daily Service in each direction.

BIRMINGHAM & CARDIFF AIR-PORT, 70 minutes.

BIRMINGHAM & HALDON AERODROME (for TORQUAY & TEIGNMOUTH), 140 minutes.

BIRMINGHAM & ROBOROUGH AERODROME (PLYMOUTH), 170 minutes.

(Subject to weather conditions.)

All information of times, fares, etc., obtainable from G.W.R. Stations at Birmingham (Snow Hill), Cardiff, Torquay and Plymouth (North Road), or from the Superintendent of the Line, G.W.R., Paddington Station, London, W.2.

'Phone: Paddington 7000. Ext. 639.

GWR

NOW FLY SOLO

at 19/- per hour on the B.A.C. DRONE
(for licensed pilots)

CHEAPEST RATE OBTAINABLE

Seven Flying Clubs for only one Subscription. Write for particulars and Booklet.

NATIONAL FLYING SERVICES, LTD.
LONDON AIR PARK, FELTHAM, MDDX.
Telephone: *Feltham 236.*

IRISH AERO CLUB LTD.
3 D.H. GIPSY I MOTHS.
SOLO - £1 10 0 PER HOUR. DUAL - £2 0 0 PER HOUR.
AERODROME, BALDONNELL, Co. DUBLIN. SPECIAL RATES FOR OVERSEAS & TEMPORARY MEMBERS. *Hon. Sec.*, 59-61, DAME ST., DUBLIN.

WHEN REPLYING to advertisements please mention THE BYSTANDER *to ensure prompt attention.*

HUNTERS *of* CHESTER

(JAMES HUNTER LTD.)

Constructors of Super-Dromes.

Deforestation — Site Excavation or Filling — Hunterised Surfaces. Production and Maintenance of Hardwearing Turf.

"SAFETY FIRST is AIR SENSE"

See that your Aircraft is equipped with

IRVIN PARACHUTES

The Lifebelts of the Air

Sole Distributors: **SELFRIDGES LTD. (Aviation Dept.)**
Mayfair 1234. Hayes 410.

PARIS—URGENT!

WHEN an early morning telephone call decrees lunch in Paris . . . blandly dismissing the fact that you can't be in two places at once . . . it's a comfort to have AIR UNION at your service. Or perhaps it's a pleasure trip, and you've reached the years when comfort counts but still not lost that love of moving quickly—once more it's a comfort to have AIR UNION at your service.

Whether a journey to the Continent is a weekly routine, an annual experience, or an unprecedented event—fly AIR UNION. In the comfort of the Air Union luxury liner—"GOLDEN CLIPPER," distance becomes an attraction, urgency loses its strain, time stands still. Just think—Paris in 1¾ hours, Switzerland in 5, Cannes in 7. And you can face the fare with the same equanimity as you face the journey. An AIR UNION period return ticket to Paris, for instance, costs £6.6.0.

SWITZERLAND 5 HOURS :: CANNES 7 HOURS :: FASTEST TO PARIS 1¾ HOURS

fly **AIR UNION**

52, Haymarket, S.W.1

'Phone: Whitehall 9671-2-3-4

THE GOLDEN CLIPPER

Air Cruising in 1933 *(Continued from page 362)*

"Flight"

An Imperial air liner nearing the end of a day's journey over the Mediterranean. Four Bristol "Jupiter" engines of a total horse-power exceeding 2000 are used in these Short "Scipio" flying-boats, which carry passengers, cargo, and the Royal Mail between Brindisi and Cairo

give excellent service not only at home but throughout the world, where British light aeroplanes set the standard by which all others are judged. The most popular engines for the private owner are the Genet Major 140 h.p., Gipsy Major and Hermes IV. 130 h.p. The Napier "Six" and the Morris, three of the latter fitted to Tomtits having been entered for the King's Cup, are new types, of which much is expected.

Safety First is Air Sense

THE slogan for Irvin Air 'Chutes is indicative of the attention which is being paid to all sorts of safety devices for air travel, of which the Irvin 'Chute, used by the R.A.F., is one of the most important. Slots and trailing edge flaps have been designed to rob the stall of its dangers and to reduce landing speed. Wider under-carriages, low-pressure tyres and wheel brakes are also aids to easier landings, and the use of brakes is particularly valuable on a busy aerodrome or a small landing-ground in order to economise in the space required for taxi-ing. The reliability of aero engines has become quite amazing, many running for hundreds of hours without overhaul or anything but routine inspection. British engines, from the Rolls-Royce "R" type developing 2600 horse-power, with which the Schneider Trophy was won outright, down to the Gipsy Major of 130 horse-power which has crossed the Atlantic, and with other members of its family is still used in larger numbers than any other light power unit, enjoy a reputation which is reflected in export figures, and in the records that stand in their names. The use of "Ethyl" spirit by the winning engine of the Schneider Trophy on three occasions, Wakefield's "Castrol" for the latest speed record of Agello flying at over 7 miles a minute, K.L.G. Plugs over Mount Everest, and for nearly all long-distance flights, and "Cellon" doped fabric for the wings, are a few of the contributory reasons for reliability under the terrific strains of which the modern aircraft is capable. Amongst others, it remains to mention Shell-Mex and B.P., an organisation which acts as guide, philosopher and friend to private, commercial and Service pilots alike throughout the Empire's air routes.

This Flying Business!

HOW many people realise the extent of the Aviation Industry? In England, over £10,000,000 is profitably invested in the manufacture and operation of aircraft. The airports of London are worth £1,000,000, and those of Portsmouth, Southampton, Bristol, Liverpool, and Manchester represent an investment of more than £350,000. Imperial Airways has placed orders for more than £400,000 of flying stock during the past four years. Thousands of craftsmen have found employment in a business which scarcely existed 20 years ago. More than 10,000 people fly every week in England. Imperial Airways' traffic receipts have exceeded £1,000,000 in the past twelve months. The fastest R.A.F. fighter flies at 250 m.p.h. with full load, and our largest is a 6000-horse-power Short flying-boat with Rolls-Royce engines. A record will be beaten whilst this issue is going to press, so rapid is the progress of flying, but at the moment, Great Britain holds two of the most important, that for height in an aeroplane—over 8 miles with a Bristol "Pegasus" engine—and for distance—5309 miles non-stop in the Fairey-Napier. Our gallant rivals, the Italians, have captured the speed record at more than 7 miles a minute.

Surveying the World

NOTHING can delay the progress of air power, either for purposes of defence or trade, for such progress is based on the realities which I have quoted. Twenty-one years ago the R.F.C. came into being and, 21 years hence, the R.A.F. will have become our first line of defence. In 1954, first-class passengers, mails, and valuable freight will be carried almost entirely by air. Whether you are a militarist, a pacifist, or one who holds no particular views on the most vexed question of modern times—Disarmament—this flying business has to be considered, for, by its proper use, our trading power and prosperity can be assured. From the air one can survey the world. C. E. W.

You want Service in Flying?—

Then allow S.F.S. to meet your wishes when next you travel by Air, to visit or go visiting with your friends; to journey at Home or Abroad! Our fleet and pilots are at your disposal at any time of day or night.

And by the way, if you desire to make Flying your Pastime or Career, a p.c., or 'phone call will bring you fullest particulars of S.F.S. Flying Training & Ground Engineers Courses.

We're at Croydon (Croydon 1736) & Plymouth (Crown Hill 349).

SURREY FLYING SERVICES LTD.

CELLON

THE DOPE OF PROVED EFFICIENCY

CELLON LTD
Upper Ham Rd., Kingston-on-Thames.

165 M.P.H. is the top speed of THE PERCIVAL "GULL" (CABIN 3-SEATER) fitted with Napier engine

- A Luxurious 3-seater cabin monoplane of low-wing cantilever construction.
- Maximum speed (Napier Engine) of 165 m.p.h.; thus, the "Gull" is the fastest 3-seater cabin aeroplane. Cruising speed, 140 m.p.h., carrying 400 lbs. and pilot over a range of 500 miles.
- The "Gull" combines speed and beauty of line, with extreme comfort and safe flying qualities.
- Wide-track under-carriage; attractive colour schemes; brakes and spats standard. Supplied completely equipped, including compass.
- Alternative model fitted with Hermes IV or Gipsy Major engine; top speed 145 m.p.h.; cruising speed 125 m.p.h.

PRICES:
£1475 (Napier Engine) £1275 (Hermes IV or Gipsy Major)

PERCIVAL AIRCRAFT COMPANY,
20, GROSVENOR PLACE, LONDON, S.W.1

To Kenya — Land of Sunshine — For a Holiday: A Six-Days Cruise from London

By Major C. H. Dale, O.B.E.

Commissioner to His Majesty's Eastern African Dependencies

A typical home near Nairobi where flowers and fruit, from both temperate and sub-tropical zones, flourish all the year round. Photo by S. H. Carnelley

KENYA, as an alternative to the Riviera or Egypt, is becoming fashionable as a holiday resort, and this is due mainly to the ease with which it can be reached by the regular air-liners that leave Croydon every Wednesday, arriving in Nairobi on Tuesday of the following week. The attractions of Kenya for a holiday are unique; magnificent scenery, wonderful sunshine, big game in profusion, and the novelty of observing native life at close quarters combine to make of the country something quite different from that which can be enjoyed with the same freedom anywhere else. From Mombasa, with its palm-fringed shores washed by the Indian Ocean, through the Highlands and the great plains of the interior to Kisumu, there are good hotels and rest-houses, but expenses are much lower than at fashionable resorts in Europe and elsewhere. For the motorist, the Royal East African Automobile Association exists to give advice to members and visitors alike on the state of the roads and the best routes to follow.

For the sportsman, Kenya, and its surrounding territories, is the one remaining big game area in the world where all kinds of wild animals can be observed, photographed in their native haunts, and, with the appropriate licences and the necessary skill with a rifle, secured as trophies. Nairobi is the centre of Africa for expeditions of this kind, and for the tourist who has no desire to venture far afield, one of the largest game reserves in the Continent stretches right up to the municipal boundary. On almost any day a drive of an hour or so will be sufficient to see zebra, wildebeeste, Thomson's gazelle, ostrich, and baboons, whilst every other type of wild life, except elephant, is to be found feeding or hunting within easy reach of the city.

Kenya is noted for big game, its reserves occupying thousands of square miles, where the visitor who is lucky may get a picture such as the one above, showing nine young lions taking an intelligent interest in the man with the camera. "*Times*" *Copyright*

An interior view of a Short "Scipio" class flying-boat. The standard of comfort for travel to Kenya by Imperial Airways may be gauged from this picture

A FEW words about the prospects in Kenya may not be amiss, for many who come as visitors return later to settle in the Colony. Like the rest of the world, Kenya has suffered from the slump in commodity prices, and, having until recently no big local industrial interests, has taken longer to recover its commercial equilibrium. The discovery of gold in paying quantities has aroused intense interest throughout the mining world, and there seems no doubt that the country will become increasingly prosperous as a direct result of this discovery. Gold-mining provides employment for Europeans and natives, both in its production as refined metal and in numerous secondary industries which such a vital new business creates. Land settlement in Kenya at the present day is less speculative than in other countries, for unless the world's trade depression continues indefinitely, a substantial rise in values and prices is certain. Newcomers have the advantage of buying at the bottom of the market, and in no country is it easier to live on the land than in Kenya, where all the fruit, vegetables and flowers, of both temperate and sub-tropical zones, grow in profusion on the same estate.

FINALLY, as a place of retirement for people from the Services, and especially those accustomed to life in India or the Far East, Kenya offers an equable climate, low cost of living, with the servant problem unknown, good sport—even polo is cheap—and a choice of site near towns or on virgin soil, amongst mountains or on rolling plains, which is second to none. Although the cost of living is low, the standard is high. Strict immigration laws have limited the population to those who are accustomed to live reasonably well, and consequently the stranger will find good schools for his children, congenial clubs for his own amusement, theatres, race meetings, tennis, golf; in fact, everything he needs within reason.

For people with limited time at their disposal, East Africa is out of reach by the slower means of transport, but by air, it is as near to England as Canada, and a month's leave allows sixteen or seventeen days in the Colony. The cost of a single ticket by air is £109, with twenty per cent. reduction on a return passage. There are no extras and no tips required, so that the total expense is approximately the same as for the best cabin on a steamer. His Majesty's Eastern African Dependencies contribute a large sum of money annually to the British Government so that Imperial Airways may operate their service to and from London, and to judge from the waiting-list for passages, the time is coming very shortly when more than one liner a week will be required. The 'planes throughout the route have four engines, giving maximum security against landings away from an organised aerodrome, and those operating in the Tropics are specially designed for a cool and comfortable voyage.

Anyone desiring information about life in Kenya, the cost of a visit, trading prospects, or the regulations about settlement, should write to H.M. Eastern African Dependencies, Trade and Information Office, Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2. Telephone: Whitehall 5701.

The Doggy World

For and Against Shows: By Lady Kitty Ritson

ON Wednesday, June 7th, is the big championship show at Windsor, and it is well worth a visit, because it is held in the loveliest of surroundings, and, as a rule, the weather is perfect, although last year was wet—the first time, I believe, for ten years. It is a particularly nice show, as you can see the dogs as much as you want, without being "on top of them" all the time.

Some people abuse shows, and argue that they have spoiled most of the original breeds, turning them into nothing but "show" animals, and ruining their characters. I wouldn't go so far as that, although I am not precisely a show "fan" myself, and certainly, when I am in the middle of a noisy indoor show, I swear that nothing will induce me to attend another. The ideal thing is only to attend out-of-door summer shows, which, when the weather is lovely, are lovely, too, and when it is bad, are horrible beyond words.

Sweet Olive and Loaningdale are two lovely Borzois belonging to Mr. E. H. Guy; they were posed for their photograph with him down at his famous kennels at the Hollies, Reigate

If it were not for shows, there would be considerably fewer people employed in the world, for it is not likely that, without the stimulus of competition, people would breed dogs to the extent they do now. Breeding means the need for dog foods and dog remedies of all descriptions, which in itself provides employment for hundreds of people, and then, in addition, there is the necessity for kennel-men and girls, kennels and all types of equipment. There is no doubt that shows do most certainly add to the employment in the world. In many ways they have taught people to look after dogs better, and to take a pride in their animal's appearance, and they have inculcated the need for sanitary kennels and rational feeding.

WHILE shows have raised the status of the dogs in general, I am not at all sure that they have improved the different breeds from a strictly eugenic standpoint. There is far too much "faddism" in the matter of show points, and very often for no particular reason, except that it happens to be fashionable. Take, for instance, the fox-terrier's exaggerated head, and the ridiculous "angulation" leading to sickle hocks and other weaknesses of the show Alsatian. In addition, English judges are a little apt to insist too much upon foreign breeds conforming to the British idea of what is right. Take, for instance, "cat" feet. Well-rounded feet are a sine qua non in England if you want to win under an all-round judge. But some breeds, Alsatians, for instance, are not meant to have the real "cat" feet, but feet which "give" a little, and which enable them to do a hard day's work. It must be acknowledged, however, that the majority of Alsatians' feet are a shame and a disgrace.

IF you tackle the matter in the right spirit, showing is great fun, particularly with home-bred stuff. You MUST make up your mind to take the rough with the smooth, and, honestly, not to care when you are beaten unfairly—as you will be, occasionally, but not often. You must also cultivate your sense of proportion and not allow dog-showing to be anything more than a hobby, and preferably a hobby to be pursued with clean nails and a "clean" heart!

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 315)

frock was none other than Suzanne Lenglen. Scarcely anyone in the room recognised her. She looked a good deal older than one expected her to do. Rosita Forbes and her husband, and Princess Imeritinsky were others at the Club.

CAPTAIN EUAN WALLACE has been playing a good deal of golf recently. Wherever I have gone—Sandy Lodge, Addington, and Walton Heath—he has been there or thereabouts. He is still our best-looking M.P. Colonel Moore-Brabazon, whom I have also been seeing at Addington, ought surely to have lent at least one of his possessions to the National Sporting Trophies Exhibition. This is the Number 1 Flying Certificate of England. It is astonishing to think that so young-looking a man could hold it.

WHEN he first flew, flying was so dangerous that, unless your cigarette smoke remained absolutely motionless in the air, it was considered far too dangerous to go up. Another of his possessions is the cup which he won for being the first person to fly a mile in an English machine. He did it in a Short, and was never more than twenty feet above the ground.

THERE have been a number of cocktail parties this week. Mrs. Woolley-Hart gave one, and so did the Princess de Chimay, who gave cocktails and a dress show at 24, St. James's Place, the home of her sister, Lady Buchanan-Jardine. Another cocktail party was one of those Paying affairs. The invitations went out from such variegated people as Lord Castlereagh, Lady Plunket, and Miss Dorothy Hyson. The place was crowded, and, as is usual in these affairs, over a hundred pounds was raised, very agreeably, for the charity concerned.

LADY LEIGH is going off soon for a cure to Switzerland, and is giving a number of large luncheon parties before her departure. At one of them I met both the Finnish and the Egyptian Ministers. The Finnish Minister's wife is an Englishwoman. There were also Lady Walter Gordon-Lennox, Captain Henry Somerset, and the Hon. Eileen Beresford.

MISS BERESFORD, whose father is Lord Decies, must be one of the very few English girls who are daughters of Peers who speak with an American accent. She is very pretty. Miss Eleanor Wendell, whose mother was also at this luncheon, will soon follow the examples of her two eldest sisters, Lady Carnarvon and Lady Galloway, and get married. The wedding is to take place in the autumn. Her fiancé is the son and heir of Sir Thomas Fermor-Hesketh.

AMONG the comings and goings of well-known people that were duly recorded in "Movements of Society" last week, I noticed the information that "Lord Berners has arrived in Lesbos." Lord Berners is passionately fond of music and has composed operas and ballets, so perhaps he has gone to seek further inspiration from the Ancient Greeks, where at one time, I understand, though not from the daily papers, that "Sappho sang."

I HEAR that the Senior Officers' School is to hold its first Reunion Dinner at the May Fair Hotel on May 29th. Brigadier-General R. J. Kentish, who probably is best known to the outside world as the originator of the Playing Fields Movement throughout the country, and who organised the School, and was its first Commandant, is to be in the chair, and will be supported by Major-General F. J. Marshall, and Brigadier-General "Hugo" Watson (both of whom were war-time Commandants), and also by Brigadier A. J. McCulloch, the present Commandant.

The guests of the evening are Major-General W. J. Duggan and Colonel "Ronnie" Campbell. Others who will be present are Lieut.-Colonel H. J. McNeile ("Sapper," of "Bulldog Drummond" fame), Brigadier-General John Micklem, Brigadier-General Gerald Dalby, Colonel "Jumbo" Hope, and many others.

Officers who have attended either the war-time or post-war courses are eligible to attend, and also to bring guests. Colonel D. Lyall Grant (late Commanding the London Scottish) is the Hon. Secretary, to whom those officers wishing to attend should write to at the May Fair Hotel, Berkeley Street, W.1.

OWING to a typographical error, which we regret, the name of Lord De La Warr appeared as Lord Dewar in last week's issue.

"The BYSTANDER" CRUISE

(14 Days)

Saturday, JUNE 17th, to
Saturday, JULY 1, 1933

A PRIZE OF 25 GUINEAS

Is offered by "The Bystander," to passengers on the Cruise, for the best Essay (not exceeding one thousand words) describing their impressions and experiences of the trip. The winning essay will be published in "The Bystander," and every passenger will receive a complimentary copy of the issue in which it appears. The Editor's decision will be final.

LUCKY GUINEAS

Special photographs will also be taken during the cruise for publication in "The Bystander." Passengers will be able to "spot" themselves from these snapshots, and those "spotted" by "The Bystander" will be entitled to claim a guinea.

RED STAR LINE

S. S. "Lapland"

"THE BYSTANDER," in conjunction with the Red Star Line, offers its readers a delightful fortnight's cruising holiday in June, 1933.

This cruise—to be known as "The Bystander Cruise"—will be on the British Liner "Lapland," a luxuriously equipped vessel of nearly 19,000 tons.

The "Lapland" has been specially fitted for cruising in hot weather.

She will sail from London on Saturday, June 17—her itinerary is given below—arriving back at London on Saturday, July 1.

Cruising is so popular that the attractions of this form of holiday need hardly be stressed. It combines the excitement of travel with the luxury and convenience of a first class hotel. Life on board is a rest cure, a round of gaiety or a mixture of both—according to taste.

Fox Photos

A Bullock Carro at Madeira

WHAT IT COSTS

Accommodation is available from £20, whilst a luxurious double stateroom and bath may be booked for £30 per passenger. Full particulars from the Red Star Line, 38, Leadenhall Street, E.C.3, or any Travel Agency.

The "Lapland's" Itinerary

Arrive	Port	Hours Stay
June 22nd, 8 a.m.	Madeira (Funchal)	11
June 23rd. noon	Las Palmas	12
June 24th, 8 a.m.	Teneriffe (Santa Cruz)	8½
June 26th, 2 p.m.	St. Michael (Azores)	8

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

The Championship: Home Internationals and Qualifying

DEAR BYSTANDER,

IT seems to me that people are playing extraordinarily well at Gleneagles and rising nobly to the occasion. Rising is an even apter word than I intended; you 've got to be perpetually hitting the ball in the air here, whether you are short or long, and whatever purists may say about blind shots, I am quite certain that people enjoy seeing their ball soar in the air, especially for tee shots, and there is only one hole, the third, where you cannot see the pin when it comes to playing the shot up to it, provided that you have put the preceding shot into the right place.

The Internationals and qualifying rounds had beautiful still weather, which gave everybody a chance to learn the course and show what they could do, and the matches themselves, too, were tremendously exciting, and I do not feel sure if more stress should be laid on the wonderful all-round improvement of Wales, who are at last collecting a young team, and so beat Ireland; and who only lost their individual matches to England and Scotland by the narrowest of margins; or whether the point of the story is the great battle in which England got home by the odd point from Scotland, with one of those points won at the twenty-first hole after the English player had been two down and three to go. That particular heroine was Miss Gourlay, and her victim, Mrs. J. B. Watson, for whom nobody, be they as English as they are made, could feel anything but the most sincere sympathy.

But let us get back to the morning: Ireland v. Scotland, England v. Wales. Poor Ireland were without Miss Daisy Ferguson, who strained a muscle winning the Ulster Cup and has not been able to play since. They had two notable wins over ex-Scottish champions, Mrs. Walker from Mrs. Watson, and Mrs. Marks from Miss Jean McCulloch; otherwise Scotland was too strong for them. England had to fight for their 8-1 win from Wales; in fact, I think Miss Fishwick was lucky to beat Miss Rieben on the post after the young Welsh champion had shown herself a really first-class player. She just faltered when she seemed to have won—but that was only lack of experience. In the afternoon she did things the other way, and won—at the nineteenth—when she seemed to have lost, and was, indeed, three down at the fourteenth to Miss Latchford. Every match was a good one, except that Miss Gourlay fell upon Miss Pyman to the extent of 6 and 4; none better than Mrs. Clarke's last green win from Mrs. Ashton Smalley, who had to try and cope with three successive threes at tenth, eleventh, and twelfth. Mrs. Guedalla only just came home with a last-minute spurt against Miss Shelagh Gibbs, who, in last year's Welsh championship, was a player of much promise. That promise seems on the road to fulfilment.

THAT afternoon, Wales had their win from Ireland, but the great thing was whether Scotland, on its native heath,

(Continued on page vi)

Miss Diana Plumpton, who met Miss Enid Wilson in the finals of the Championships at Gleneagles, with Miss D. Wilkins

Miss K. Garnham and Mrs. M. G. Wilson going to the first green in the Women's Championship at Gleneagles

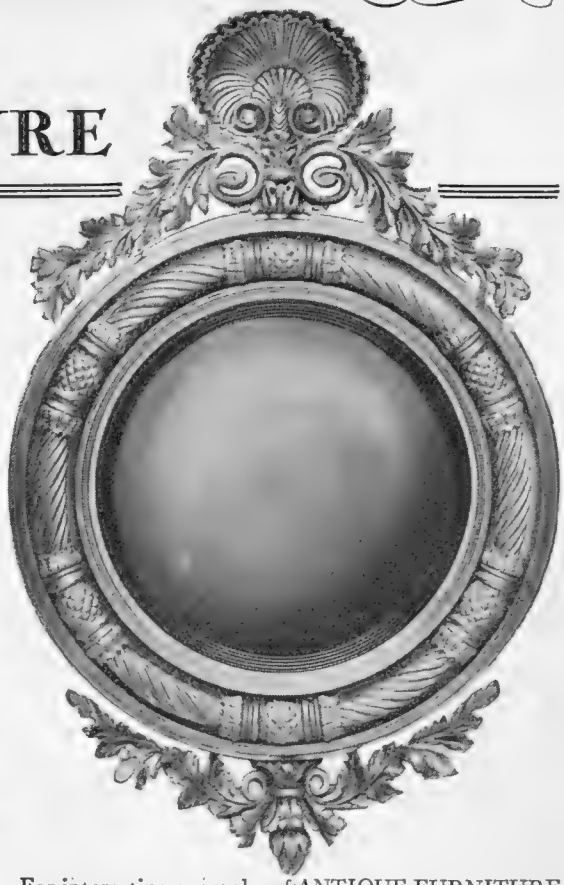
Miss Molly Gourlay, whose putting failed her when playing against Mrs. J. B. Walker, talking to Miss Sylvia Bailey

Miss Diana Fishwick, who had some overwhelming victories to her credit, but lost in the semi-final, and Miss Dix Perkin

Mrs. J. B. Walker, the conqueror of Miss Molly Gourlay, but who lost to Mrs. Clement, with Mrs. Edgar Davies

HAMPTONS Old English FURNITURE

Hampton's Antique No. O.1688. One of a set of six Heppelwhite Mahogany shield back Chairs on square moulded legs; the loose seats covered in Maroon Morocco. £69.10.0



Hampton's Antique No. O.242. A finely carved and gilded late XVIIIth century Convex Mirror. 2ft. 9in. wide; 4ft. 5in. high. £35.0.0.

HAMPTONS

DEALERS in ANTIQUES
PALL MALL EAST, LONDON, S.W.1.
Telephones: Whitehall 1020

For interesting examples of ANTIQUE FURNITURE Hampton & Sons are always pleased to pay the full current value. A photograph of every piece to be disposed of should, when possible, be sent with the particulars.

CVS—335

Whether you prefer a plain or cork-tipped cigarette, smoke the best

10 FOR 6D
20 FOR 11½D

LOOK FOR THE BLUE CORNERS ON CORK-TIPPED PACKETS

PLAYER'S

PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. N.C.C.160.J.

Women's Golf *(Continued from page iv)*

could beat England. When Mrs. Holm, who really is a beautiful golfer, beat Miss Fishwick, and Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery beat Miss Morgan, and Miss Gourlay was two down and three to go to Mrs. Watson, the answer looked very much in the affirmative. Mrs. Greenlees—another beautiful Scotch golfer, and Mrs. Kelway Bamber, added to their side's wins, but Miss Gourlay, with every hole in par figures, from the sixteenth to the twenty-first, snatched her match from Mrs. Watson, and four others did the rest.

Things felt a little tame the next morning. England beat Ireland by 8 to 1—that one was Miss Pim, who holed two mashie shots and perpetrated other unbelievable cruelties on Miss Garnham, who was also rather cruel to herself—and Scotland beat Wales by the same amount.

Now as to qualifying rounds. On the first day everybody was terrified. They could not putt, they could only get into and not out of bunkers. It really was pitiable, and set everybody talking all over again whether there is not some better way of shortening a championship than by thirty-six holes of medal play. The L.G.U. had fixed the par at 76; the weather did its best to help, for never was there a more perfect scoring day, almost dead still. My own theory is that players simply will not concentrate on each shot as it comes along, but are distracting themselves all the time with who and what will qualify, will they fail to qualify. Three rose superior to such things: Miss Beryl Brown and Miss Doris Park who handed in 78 apiece, and Miss Sylvia Bailey who was 79.

It was good to see Miss Brown upholding her prestige as English runner-up of 1932; very good, too, to see Miss Park and Miss Bailey doing so well, among other reasons, because both are only getting week-end golf these days, and are apparently playing all the better for it. Except for those three, everybody was pretty blue that evening, dreadfully conscious of their own imperfections and the difficulties of the course. You see, the greens here are so huge that unless you are extraordinarily firm with yourself about playing for the pin from the very first moment that you are within range of it, you find yourself only on the outskirts of what somebody has called "gardens of inaccuracy," and three putts are almost inevitable.

It was instructive that the very first card in on the second morning, an excellent 79, should be from the young Middlesex champion, Miss Daniell, who Holdwright has taught to play for the pin and nothing but the pin. She kept that principle grandly in view. Evidently this was going to be a day of better scoring, for the weather was still again, and the hills more enchantingly beautiful than ever.

Miss Brown and Miss Bailey, without getting into the seventies again, did very steadily with their 82 and 86 respectively, but it was Miss Doris Park who was the complete heroine, as she added a 75 to her 78, and if you can imagine anything much better than that, I cannot. I know Miss Morgan had a 75, too, all honour to her, and her 34 home was superb, but she was coming up from behind, so to speak, not keeping her nose in front with everyone pressing on her heels, like Miss Park, and so I do give chief praise to Miss Park.

I started off watching her, meaning to switch over after a few holes to somebody else, but her golf was so fascinating that it simply could not be done. She has lengthened—and she was never short—but it is the temperamental part of putting, where she has improved out of all knowledge, holding the putter low down for the short putts, and hitting the ball into the hole as if she could not possibly miss it. Her approach putting, too, was above reproach. Thirty-eight out, thirty-seven in, and yet she missed her threes at the fifth, eleventh, fourteenth and sixteenth! Truly first-class scoring! Miss Morgan had one really bad hole, a seven, at the sixth, and her card read 41 out, but her 34 home was past praise. She very nearly had a one at the fourteenth. So that gave her second qualifying place with 158, Miss Park first with 153, Miss Brown and Miss Enid Wilson third with 160 a-piece. The last aggregate to qualify was 181. The Scottish golfers were well to the fore on that second day, for Mrs. Holm was 78, and Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery 79.

Yours ever,
ELEANOR E. HELME.

Mrs. Dunlop Hill (Secretary to the Scottish L.G.U.) and Miss Purvis-Montgomery, two notables at the Women's Golf Championship at Gleneagles

"THE DITCH"

THE DITCH, NEWMARKET.
Approximate size of print 15 inches by 10 inches

A FINE PRINT IN COLOURS AFTER THE ORIGINAL PICTURE BY

LIONEL EDWARDS, R.I.,

recently published in "THE SKETCH," has been issued by THE SPORTING GALLERY, and early application for copies is recommended. Both editions of Mr. Edwards' earlier Newmarket subject, "A Training Gallop," are exhausted and that print is now at a premium.

REMARQUE PROOFS (limited to 25 only) - - £3 : 3 : 0.
ARTIST'S PROOFS (limited to 150 only) - - £1 : 11 : 6.

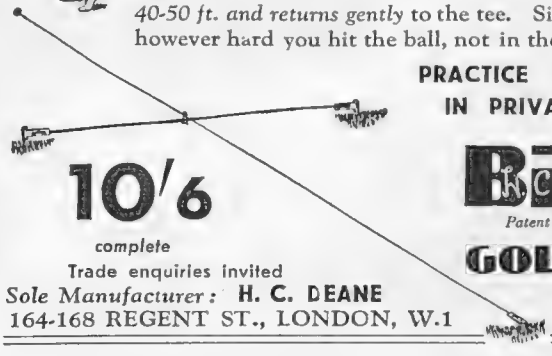
To be obtained from all Printsellers or by post (Inland Registered Postage 1/- extra) from—

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, London, W.1.

THE BALL COMES BACK BUT CANNOT HIT YOU

Not by any means the ordinary 'captive ball' affair, but a real 'come-back' device that gives you full driving practice in your garden (Badminton court space is all that's required). The ball, which is a proper golf ball, *travels 40-50 ft. and returns gently* to the tee. Simple to fix; and, however hard you hit the ball, not in the least dangerous.

PRACTICE YOUR SWING IN PRIVATE WITH A



10/6
complete
Trade enquiries invited

BIFFIT
Patent applied for
GOLF SET

Sole Manufacturer: H. C. DEANE
164-168 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1

The leading hair tonic and dressing since 1793.
3/6, 7/= & 10/6

A. Rowland & Sons, Ltd., 22, Laystall St., Rosebery Ave., E.C.1.

For Health and Pleasure: Two Delightful Resorts

Bagnoles de l'Orne and Granville:

Hot Springs and Warm Sea

SITUATED in the very heart of the forest, among hills from 700 to 850 feet in height, and at a distance of less than fifty miles from the sea, Bagnoles enjoys all the climatic advantages of sea, mountain and woods; a combination which provides a magnificent tonic for weak hearts or jaded nerves.

The Thermal Spring of Bagnoles is the only hot spring (the water comes out of the rock at a temperature of 26 degrees) in the whole of the West of France, and with its composition of metallic elements, among which are found calcium, iron and magnesium, it offers a unique opportunity of effecting a complete cure under the most pleasant and favourable conditions.

For the amusement of the visitor, two casinos offer a selection of shows and concerts, while the amateur gambler can find there the fulfilment of his desire for a game of boule or baccarat. Exercise can be taken on the Bagnoles Golf Course, which is first-class, and at the tennis club, where there are a number of excellent courts. The races, horse shows, and tennis tournaments at Bagnoles are renowned.

In the immediate neighbourhood there are a variety of old manor houses and chapels situated in magnificent parks, which furnish an excellent excuse for walks and excursions through the forests and hills. Such towns as Lisieux, noted for the miracles performed there at the tomb of Saint Theresa, Granville, known as the Monaco of the North, and many others are within easy reach, and can be visited during the day.

Bagnoles de l'Orne

A picture taken of the Grand Hotel at Bagnoles de l'Orne, the famous health resort, with the lake in the foreground

The Hotel du Parc and Hotel Cordier at Bagnoles de l'Orne, situated in the heart of a forest in the West of France, and renowned for its thermal spring

GRANVILLE is one of the most popular resorts on the northern coast of France, and everything is done by the town to ensure that visitors shall be entertained. At the Casino, for instance, baccarat and boule can be played, while concerts, dancing, theatrical entertainments and soirées de gala all figure in the season's programme.

The bathing is excellent, and the Gulf Stream tempers the cold to the shorn bather even when the sun does not shine. The golf links, too, are claimed to be some of the finest in Europe, and the green fees are extremely moderate. A regular service of motor-buses run at frequent intervals between the links—provided with a comfortable club-house, where luncheons are provided—and the town.

The town itself is of interest, for old Granville dates from 1440, and was founded by Lord Sale—an Englishman. There is an excellent tennis club which has seven courts, and several tournaments are held there during the season.

The surrounding country is not only beautiful, but full of historical associations, and among other places of interest, Mont St. Michel can be visited by charabanc, while the sea-fishing affords first-rate sport.

Granville

The attractive Casino at Granville, the popular Normandy resort, situated between St. Malo and Cherbourg and easily reached from England

Another view of the Casino at Granville, seen on the left, with the Hotel Normandy on the other side of the road

The Gentle Art of being Beautiful: By "Maquillage"

COIFFURIAL ART.

Ornamental Hair-work Which Makes it Possible for Every Woman to Possess a Fashionable and Charming Head.

THERE are times and circumstances when Nature has perforce to rely on art, and especially is this the case in regard to hairdressing and hair-work. Illness, age, climatic conditions, may make it necessary for a woman, in order to look her best, to supplement her natural hair with a cluster of curls or a swathe, pin waves, or even a transformation. This may be only a temporary measure. Many women have resorted to a chignon or curls in the nape of the neck while growing their own hair. Curls or a waved tress are useful for wearing at the sides during athletic activities, when wind and weather would play havoc with one's own "marcel" waves.

If the hair has become thin and brittle so that it is impossible to dress becomingly and smartly, a really good transformation with a natural parting, soft, becoming curls or waves around the face; glossy, silken and well-groomed, works miracles of rejuvenation and embellishment.

But there are two important considerations in connection with the choice of a postiche or supplementary hair of any sort; they must be of the highest quality, absolutely matched to the growing hair, and the workmanship must be perfect. In the past, hair-work of the highest standard was only obtainable at very great expense, but this is no longer the case if one knows where to go for aids to coiffurial beauty. As in other matters, it is wise to place oneself in the hands of experts—specialists of wide experience and high repute.

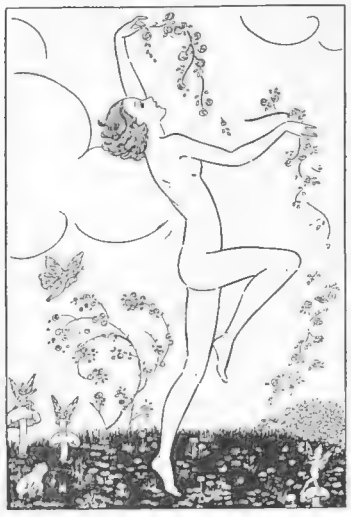
THE Universal Hair Company have been established for thirty-five years, and claim to have built up a larger business than any other firm of hair-workers in England. Their latest illustrated catalogue shows an infinite variety of styles, ranging from shingled heads and the latest and most becoming curled effects, to the more stately styles suitable for older women, as well as every conceivable type of chignon, curled or coiled, pin curls, and waved side-pieces.

Their toupets, transformations, and complete coiffures, with natural skin partings, are extraordinarily reasonably priced; in fact, their charges often represent no more than a third of the cost of hair-work of the same quality and workmanship from other firms.

Either at their establishment at Foxberry Road, Brockley, or their West-End premises at 1, Berners Street, clients can consult the manageress and be sure of interest, consideration, and assistance, free of charge; but when it is not possible to have a personal interview, the Universal Hair Company guarantee an accurate match, both in texture and colour, of every pattern of hair forwarded to them; and it should be possible for any woman to find a style suited to her requirements and her type among the natural-looking and attractive coiffures illustrated in their catalogue; or they will copy any design sent to them.

Many of the Universal Hair Company's clients live in distant places, abroad and in the Colonies, and express themselves as entirely satisfied and appreciative of the service at their disposal.

THE long-continued and increasing success of the Universal Hair Company in their specialised branch of hair-dressing is not surprising when one considers that all women cannot keep glossy and luxuriant tresses throughout their lives; and the difference it makes to a woman's appearance, self-confidence, and prestige to have a charming and beautifully-dressed head of hair, is incalculable.



Slim FOR ALLURING LINE

"Slim" is an effective and safe treatment for excessive fat. Its first action is to make the flesh less hard and secondly, the adipose or fatty tissue disintegrates and disappears like magic. Everybody who has a tendency to 'put on' weight should take this wonderful slimming remedy. "Slim" is perfectly harmless and may be taken by anyone who suffers from obesity with the certainty that it will be effective.

Take "Slim" and keep fit.
Price 5/- and 3/9. Postage 2d.

Send for FREE illustrated Booklet containing interesting Herbal remedies.

THE SOCIETY OF HERBALISTS
CULPEPER HOUSE (*ONLY ADDRESSES*)
21, Bruton Street, Berkeley Square, W.1.
18, Knightsbridge, S.W. 7, Baker Street, W.1.
11, Royal Exchange, E.C.2.

Heidelberg

On your way along the Rhine, 4½ hours from Cologne 12 hours from Flushing.

GERMANY'S
Most Romantic Town
Finest Castle Ruins
Oldest University
(founded in 1386).

ST. CAST Nr. Dinard (Motor Bus)

The most charming resort on the Emerald Coast. Golf (18 holes), Tennis, Fishing, Fine Water Tobogg.

THE ROYAL BELLEVUE

Right on the Beach. 50 Baths. Dancing.
The favourite hotel of English Society.
From 10/- in June, July and Sept. From 13/- in August.

ROYAL TOURNAMENT

LONDON'S POPULAR SHOW

OLYMPIA

May 25th to June 10th
Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8 p.m.

JUBILEE YEAR

Box Offices Now Open.

Olympia (Addison Road entrance), Tel. Shepherds Bush 3477-8; 66, Victoria Street, Tel. Victoria 8260; and principal booking agents. Reserved seats, 5/-, 7/6, 10/6. Box Seats, 21/-. Free of Tax.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS.

BELGIUM.

Coq-sur-Mer.—**Hotel Beau Rivage.**—A charming site in the Garden City, fac. dunes, nr. Golf & Tennis. Mod. prices; all comfort.

Heyst-sur-Mer.—**Hotel de la Plage.**—The leading hotel on the sea front. 125 rooms. Very mod. terms. Next to all attractions. A. van Isacker, Prop.

FRANCE.

Le Touquet.—**Hotel Armenonville.**—In forest. Nr. Casino. Large park. Priv. bus to Golf and Sea. Fr. 65 incl. Entirely renewed.

SPORTING PRINTS

The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day.

Prices from One Guinea.

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.

THE SPORTING GALLERY, 7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, LONDON, W.1.

Printed for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LIMITED, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and published weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, at 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. May 24, 1933.
Entered as second class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

Distinctive Designs in MILLINERY

This is the square crown version of the tilted hat, with a slight bandeau, and trimmed with petersham ribbon. In black, brown, pink. navy, white, red, lido, and powder blue **21/9**

This is a most becoming version of the ' fez,' one of the newest shapes for summer. It is fashioned in soft straw, trimmed in front with tied petersham ribbon. In grége, black, navy, brown and white **35/9**

A delightfully soft cap in pedaline straw, worked on showerproof tulle. In black, navy, brown, and white, or made to order in a marvellous range of colours - **42/-**

A simple but very charming Hat in a light felt ; it has a slightly tilted brim and a shallow crown. In many delightful colours, including grége, yellow, pink, grey, or white - **21/9**

All the newest Millinery that is acceptable to the woman of good taste is being shown in the Millinery Salon on the ground floor. The Salon is now displaying a collection of models for Race wear and for the coming brilliant social season ahead.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

Debenhams Ltd. Mayfair 6600.

Vere Street & Oxford Street

LONDON · W·1

PETER ROBINSON

Delightful Hats for all occasions

488. Becoming Hat for a Matron, of soft Straw trimmed with ribbon and ornament. In black, navy or brown; other colours to definite order. *Head-sizes:* 7½, 7¾ *and* 7 - - £2

489. Picturesque Hat for Ascot, of beige Lace with Tulle underbrim; trimmed with narrow ribbon. Also in black - 63/-

468 (*left*). Smart Hat of Straw with Petersham bow at back and front of crown. Suitable to wear with Tailored Suits. In black, brown or navy, and in other colours to definite order. Medium and large head-sizes - - - - 30/-

CATALOGUE of SUMMER FASHIONS sent on request.

PETER ROBINSON, LTD., OXFORD STREET & REGENT STREET, W.1

SPORTING BRONZES . . . .

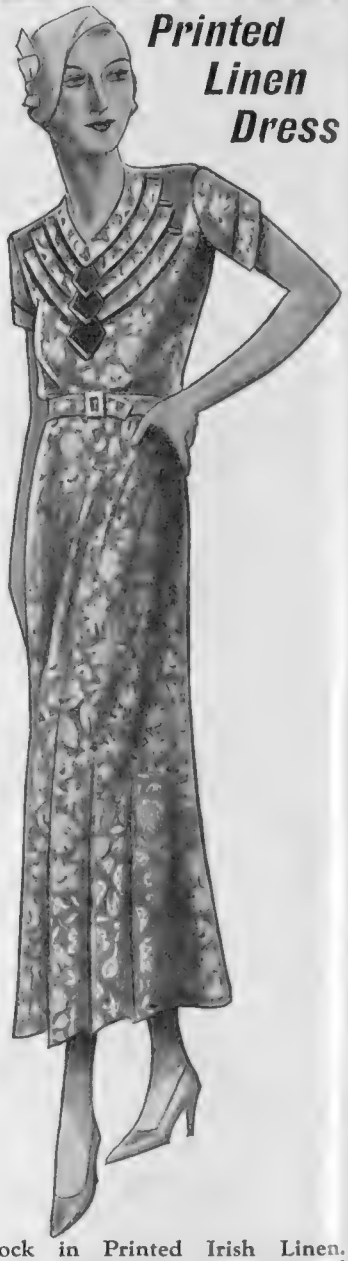
Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

Prices from 4 gns.

THE SPORTING GALLERY, 7, GRAFTON STREET, BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

Robinson & Cleaver's

Printed Linen Dress



Frock in Printed Irish Linen. Novel pattern in white, printed on Self ground. Colours: Cherry, Green, China Blue, Navy - - - **18/11** Price

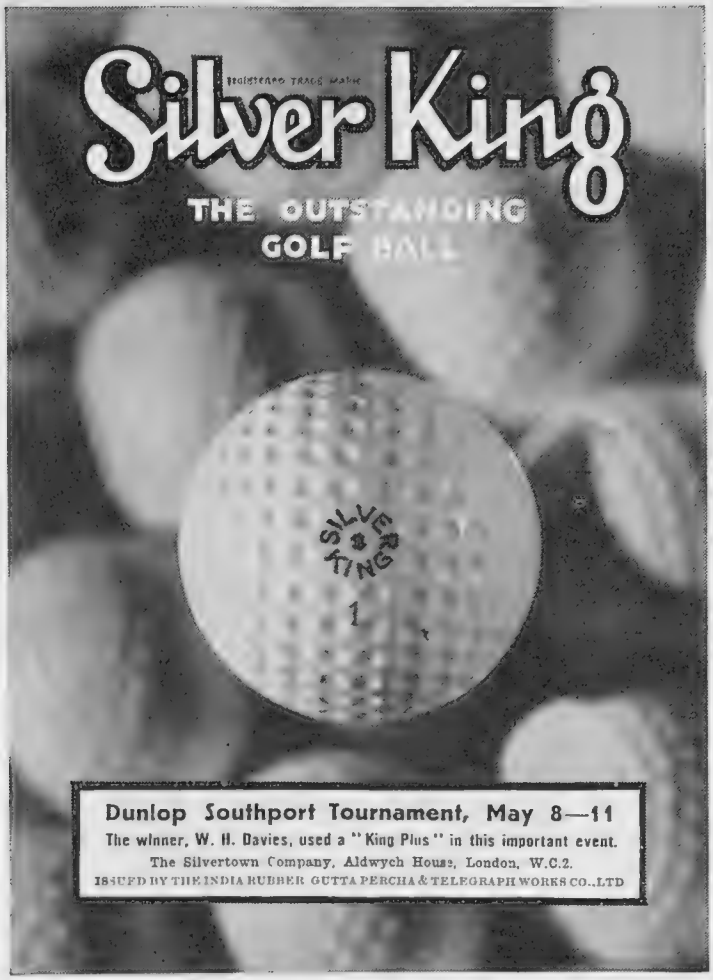
Stocked in Sizes — Hips: 36, 38, 40, 42. Length: 45, 47, 48, 49.

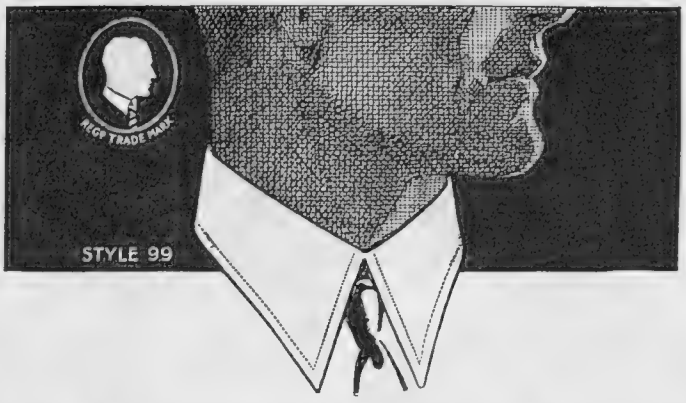
Make your Beach Suits from "Kumroden" Linen

A coloured linen that embodies all the best features of a popular dress fabric. The cloth is fine, of good quality, well shrunk and softly finished. In a range of beautiful shades and fast colours. 36 ins. wide. Per yard **2/6**

PATTERNS SENT POST FREE.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD. Regent Street, London. W.1





The Collars Smart Men Favour

Van Heusen Semi-Stiff collars have long been accepted in those exclusively smart circles where 'correct wear' is almost a fetish, and they have now become an essential part of the wardrobe of well-dressed men everywhere.

They are the only collars woven to the natural curve of the neck to give perfect fit, stylish ease and comfort.

Van Heusen Collars are obtainable in white and coloured designs from all leading outfitters.

VAN HEUSEN

Semi-Stiff **COLLARS**

1/3 EACH

Ask for Vantella Shirts to match at 9/3 & 10/6 each.

HARDING, TILTON & HARTLEY, Ltd., Kinnaird House, London, S.W.1

A NEW PICTORIAL RECORD OF

GILBERT & SULLIVAN OPERAS

The following Operas are portrayed in the work—32 pages of NEW pictures:

THE GONDOLIERS
RUDDIGORE
IOLANTHE
THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE
THE MIKADO
PRINCESS IDA
H.M.S. PINAFORE
PATIENCE
THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD
TRIAL BY JURY
COX AND BOX
THE SORCERER

A Remarkable Shillingsworth

YOU MUST GET IT

To order from your Newsagent, or

BY POST

1/3

1/- for Book.
3d. for Packing & Post.

PRICE ONE SHILLING

Produced entirely in Photogravure, and published by The Sphere, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, this pictorial record contains over seventy photographs of scenes in the various Operas. Order your copy now—the edition is limited.

Men's shoes at Hanan's

Well cut, perfectly fitting Men's Oxfords, in Patent or Black or Tan Calf 55/- and 45/-

Also in Black or Tan Calf 38/6 and 30/-

HANAN SHOES
AND HOSIERY

328 Oxford Street 203 Regent Street

The Waterproof for the Derby

This intriguing waterproof is made in white crepe-de-Chine neatly trimmed with black.

Should you be of a more colourful mind, we have a selection of fashionable colours with contrasting trimming.

Incidentally, this is only one of many smart waterproofs available at our showrooms.

PRICE 84/-

Elvery's never mind the weather wear

J. W. ELVERY & Co. Ltd.,
31 CONDUIT ST. LONDON. W.1.

A penny a mile to SCOTLAND

They've torn all the legends and romance out of our history books and given us facts and figures instead; but whatever they do they can't spoil Scotland. In the hills and glens of Scotland, in the land of Scott and Burns, romance is in the very air you breathe.

And how cheaply you get there with the new Summer Tickets—all the way to Scotland and back for a penny a mile. It's not just a short excursion ticket—you come back any time up to a month from the day of issue.

With a return ticket to Scotland you now have the choice of travelling back by the East Coast, West Coast, or Midland routes, with break of journey at any station.

The following holiday guides are obtainable from L·N·E·R or LMS offices and agencies:

L·N·E·R—
"The Holiday Handbook" (in the bright red cover) 6d.
"Scotland" (Free)

LMS—
"Scottish Apartments Guide" (3d.)
"Scotland for the Holidays" (Free)
"The Romance of Scotland" (Free)

MOTOR CARS accompanied by one first-class or two third-class adult passengers are conveyed to include outward and homeward journeys at the reduced rate of 4½d. a mile charged on the single journey mileage for distances not less than 50 miles. Single journey charges at 3d. a mile.

L·N·E·R
LONDON AND NORTH EASTERN RAILWAY

LONDON MIDLAND & SCOTTISH RAILWAY
L M S

Stay at L·N·E·R and L M S Hotels

SMEE'S

Est. 1907. 'Phone: Maytair 1543.

Spécialités £6.6.0
Costumes & Coats

Over 2,000 patterns.

We have the largest selection of Materials in London. Newest colour in flannels. Mr. Smee cuts and fits each personally, any style.

If not able to call send for S.-M. Form and get the same satisfaction as others have testified.

Our costumes are known all over the world.

Riding Coats and Breeches from £9.9.0

Only Address—
55, SOUTH MOLTON ST., W.1.

BREAST SUPPORTER

Beware of Harmful Substitutes.

WHICH NEITHER SUPPORT NOR UPLIFT.

The illustration shows left breast supported and right unsupported. Only JOUJOU BREAST SUPPORTER gives this correct improvement; must be worn day and night. GUARDS against CANCER, TUMOUR, MASTITIS, and relieves PAIN immediately.

ALSO A NEW INVENTION FOR AMPUTATION

Prices on application

Joujou Breast Supporter with Pad.

Trade Mark. Read Design Copyright Reserved

JOUJOU CORSETS, BELTS AND MATERNITY BELTS

Prices on Application

WITHOUT & WITH

WARNING.

Doctors are urgently warning both mothers and daughters to protect their breasts with the JOUJOU Supporter thus guarding against the above mentioned ailments and safeguarding their health and appearance.

Pink Silk or Net, detachable straps, from 47/6

Loose breasts or maternity, 32/6

White material.

For drooping heavy figures, 38/6

Please state Bust and Underbust measurements.

White fine material, 15/6

Small figures only. Waterproof or rubber, from 25/6

HOSIERY, BATHING COSTUMES, ETC.

Various prices for one's requirements and taste.

Orders guaranteed immediately executed by return post. Free illustrated Circular.

If not satisfactory, money refunded in U.K. only on receipt of goods by return post. Personal fitting when calling, or send your order.

Post free only in U.K. *Obtainable only from—*

"JOUJOU" Co. 2453 Dept. B. 342
32, BAKER STREET, LONDON, W.1
Telephone - - WELBECK 1249

For smart wear with the Tailor-made & the two-piece . . .

Blouses

return to the Mode . . .

. . .

From the collection of

Novelties *by Debenhams*

With Baby Sleeves

. . .

A pretty design in Fancy Crêpe Blouse in a leaf design with baby sleeves and matching bow at neck. On white grounds with black, navy, red and blue designs.

29/6

Also the same shape and similar designs on dark grounds.

Catalogue post free

A Victorian Note

. . .

New Satin Blouse, fastening with flat bone buttons and completed with bow at neck. Well cut in a style suitable for practically all figures. In ivory, navy, black, nut brown, tea rose and shades of tussore and beige

59/6

Debenham&Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, W.1 (Debenhams Ltd.)

A charming Summer Coat

A coat which combines lightness and warmth is a necessity for a holiday on the sea or by the seaside. The smart turn of the collar and the fashionable gauntlet cuffs give a jaunty air to this attractive model. The back, too, is cut in a particularly graceful line. This style is essentially chic whether carried out in a light-weight tweed or in one of the more "dressy" cloths.

AT **6** GNS.

Write for patterns, new catalogue, and self-measurement form.

Agents in most towns, or direct from

STUDD & MILLINGTON LTD.

67-69, Chancery Lane, Holborn, W.C.
51, Conduit Street, Bond Street, W.
Abbey House, Victoria Street, S.W.1.
81, Gracechurch Street, E.C.3.

PALACE TORQUAY

The English Riviera is at its very best in May and June — how good that is can only be realised by those who actually come and stay here.

The terms at the Palace — with its magnificent sun lounge and unequalled amenities for leisure or strenuous exercise, as the visitor may desire — cover golf, tennis, croquet, bowls, squash, badminton, swimming pool, gymnasium, dancing, talking pictures and entertainments. Telephone Torquay 2271.

Greyhound Racing: By "White Citizen"

It may interest those who read my last article in this journal that, at the time of writing, fourteen distinguished hurdlers have been entered for the Grand National. Wimbledon, West Ham, and Wembley each have three representatives, the White City has two, Harringay has one, and two greyhounds which have been trained privately complete the list. Two trainers, in Reynolds of the White City and Biss of West Ham, have entered two runners. By the time that this appears in print, the closing date for the Grand National will have been passed, but it may interest those who are making plans to see the race that heats will be run at the White City on May 27th, and that the Final will be run—on the same track, of course—on June 10th.

I have frequently, on this page, stressed the extraordinarily beautiful spectacle which hurdle races always provide; and, when all the dogs taking part in the race are absolutely first-class, the best, in fact, in the country, added excitement and added grace of movement and pleasure to the eye necessarily follow.

The sole entrant from Harringay at the moment is Long Hop, the winner of last year, and he is well known to be about as great an exponent of this form of dog-racing as ever there has been; but in Jack Mac, Mr. Garcia, who is the owner of Rule the Roost, the dog which won the Grand National in 1931, is making another attempt to win classic honours. I would very strongly suggest to all my readers, to those who frequent the White City and Harringay, and just the same to those who have never been to either, to make a point of going to the White City on June 10th, and for the preliminary heats, if possible, if they wish to see about as great a spectacle as greyhound racing has to offer.

Nurses parading the dogs round the track before the first race at Harringay, where a special matinée meeting was held in aid of the Great Northern Hospital

When writing of the White City, it is interesting to note that sixty of the leading electrical engineers of Great Britain have just visited the White City Stadium in order to inspect the flood-lighting system there. These engineers have been in London attending the Illumination Designs Conference, which lasted for a week, and while they were in London they inspected many large electrical plants. They showed great interest in the White City. The flood-lighting system is the largest and most modern of its kind in Europe, and cost approximately £25,000 to install. Some idea of its size may be gained when it is realised that electrical energy sufficient to generate 500 h.p. is used in one hour when the four main search-lights and the 102 smaller track lights are in use. This is more current than is used by many small towns, and the wonder of it all is that the whole system is controlled by four switches no bigger than wireless tuning-knobs. This floodlighting has been used for various events often at the White City during the past winter, and, one may be sure, will be used for many more of various descriptions in the future. Football of both codes has been played under flood-light at the White City. Clay-pigeon shooting contests have taken place, and there is, indeed, no limit to the possibilities, a fact which the authorities of the White City are quick to realise. It can truly be said that the White City is certainly England's greatest sports centre. It has one of the finest athletic tracks in the world, where the Amateur Athletic Association Championships take place, as well as the University races; it has a good football pitch, which, up to this year, has been used by a league club, but which, I understand, in the future is to be kept for more important purposes: it has the finest greyhound-racing stadium in the world, and, as well as the floodlight activities, many great boxing matches have been fought in the arena and many others are to follow. All those connected with the White City and its management are very much to be congratulated on this very notable list of achievements, particularly as all these attractions have been arranged in such a very short space of time.

The Editor's Box

The Bath and West Comes to London

From to-day till Saturday, Wimbledon will be full of horses, cows, hens, vegetables, and flowers, or, at any rate, that part of Wimbledon that houses the Bath and West and Southern Counties' Show, the second biggest agricultural show of the year. Londoners will have a unique chance of seeing what 's doing in the country, and not only what 's doing on the farm and in the fields, but on the poultry farm, both on a large and on a small scale, and in the garden. Fruit trees, roses, and hedging plants will be displayed in front of the Agricultural Education Building, and there will be demonstrations of lettuce, cauliflower, and tomato culture under Dutch frames, with experts to explain and advise. Altogether, the Show will be well worth visiting by anyone interested in growing anything, animal or vegetable.

Orange to the Nth Power

It is the delicate orange flavour of Cointreau that makes it so much a connoisseur's liqueur, and the fact that it is not excessively sweet confirms its popularity with men as well as with women. It makes the perfect flavouring for fruit salads and grape fruit, while the fashion for cocktails containing Cointreau is at its height. This "fine flower" of all the lovely things that oranges have given to the world is made by the famous firm of Cointreau, of Angers, and specially distilled Extra Dry for shipment to this country, to suit the more austere English palate.

The Gourmet: Conducted by Emilia

DÎNER

CLEAR SOUP

*

SALMON WITH SHARP SAUCE

*

HAM MOUSSE

*

NOISETTES OF LAMB AND NEW POTATOES

*

ICES

*

CHEESE AND TOMATO TOAST

*

COFFEE—LIQUEURS—DESSERT

Salmon with Sharp Sauce

Take three or four slices (according to number) of salmon, not quite an inch in thickness, and lay them in a marinade, composed of oil, salt, lemon-juice and herbs, for an hour, then place the slices of salmon on a gridiron, which must be oiled, and broil over a clear fire, or under the gas deflector. Serve with the following sauce: Prepare some mayonnaise sauce, adding to it a small quantity of French mustard, or ordinary mustard, a few finely minced gherkins, a teaspoonful of anchovy essence, and a small quantity of chopped chives or spring onions, and some chopped tarragon and chervil leaves. This sauce is served cold.

Ham Mousse

Whip two gills of cream stiffly, and stir with this one gill of just liquid aspic, and ½-lb. of cold, cooked, and minced sieved ham, and just enough carmine to make it all a very delicate pink. Whip this together for three or four minutes, pack it into a mould, and set it in a basinful of broken ice for 1½ hours. Then turn out and serve.

Noisettes of Lamb

These should be cut from a loin of lamb, which must be boned. Cut the meat into slices, about ¾ of an inch thick, trim neatly, and flatten with a rolling-pin. The slices should look like cutlets without bones. Melt 2 oz. of butter in a sauté pan, and fry the noisettes on both sides. Season with salt and pepper, have ready boiled about ½-lb. of small round French carrots, braise them with a little butter and stock, white pepper, and a teaspoonful of sugar. Put the noisettes in an entrée dish, and garnish with the braised carrots, coat with a nicely flavoured thick brown sauce, and serve hot with new potatoes.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* THE BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2. *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

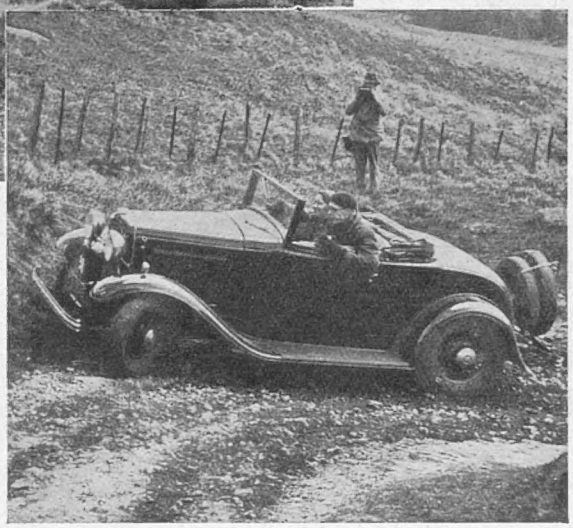
"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON MAY

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

.....

Off the Beaten Track : By The Earl of Cardigan



Left : a 1933 Standard Little Nine on the road to Nevin between Carnarvon and Pwllheli. Below : a lady competitor in the annual Six Days' Open Reliability Motor Trial hits the bank on the hairpin bend at Amulree Hill on her Ford V.8

WITH summer coming on, motor touring soon will be in full swing. As usual, I suppose, the main roads will be crowded ; for the modern motorist, not being a person of much enterprise, uses "secondary" routes but little, and country lanes hardly at all. It is the exceptional holiday-maker who has the good sense to plan comfortably short runs, and thus to allow time for those excursions off the beaten track for which the trouble-free and handy light car is so eminently suited.

It is, in fact, curious to find motorists, as a whole, so unappreciative of the one department in which the car rises immeasurably superior to any other means of transport. For comfort on long runs, nothing can beat the railway train. For speed and directness over a cross-country route, there is no rival to the aeroplane. It is only in its ability to take us quietly through little-known and unspoiled districts of the countryside that the car is, and must remain, supreme.

There was a time, of course, when the novice had reason to be wary of taking his car into an area of unmarked tracks and lanes. Then, with rear-wheel brakes only, relatively inefficient engines, and often "tricky" gear-boxes, it was no laughing matter to be suddenly faced with a rough 1-in-4 gradient or an awkward hairpin bend. Quick thinking and prompt action might be urgently demanded to deal with such situations.

TO-DAY, the owner of a modern car has little cause for anxiety. He may have perfect faith in the capacity of his engine to tackle any gradient likely to be met with in the British Isles, and he need not doubt his own ability to get quickly into whatever gear the occasion may call for. The latter is, of course, still an essential point ; for a good many hills remain which, even for large cars, must still be placed in the "first gear" category.

The old rule, moreover, still holds good, that it pays to make one's changes down at the earliest moment possible. With the average car, on approaching a "bad" hill, I should advocate getting into third gear at about 30 m.p.h. Similarly, I would suggest that second gear should be engaged at not less than 15 m.p.h. In each case the act of changing must commence at speeds perhaps 5 m.p.h. higher than those which I have mentioned, since it must not be forgotten that, even in the brief moment which a gear-change occupies, there is inevitably a considerable loss of momentum.

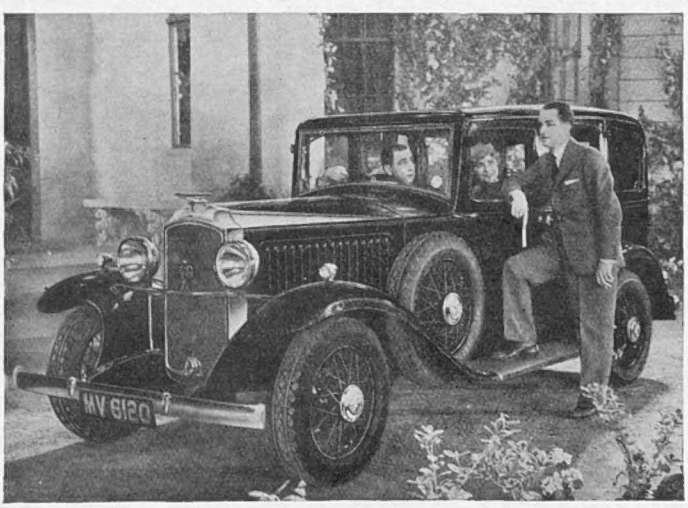
If second gear is engaged at an early stage, the modern car should go a long way up any normal incline without further assistance from its driver. Often, however, a West Country hill has a sharp bend at about the half-way mark, and for this first gear will probably be needed. If so, unless the driver is an expert, I would urge him to see that his lowest gear is engaged, with the engine turning at a good speed, before this critical point is actually reached.

MAIN road hills, even the steepest, are always now admirably surfaced ; but, when "exploring" off the beaten track, another point worth remembering is to make all gear changes as smooth and effortless as possible. On a loose surface, a clumsy change into first gear is often responsible for causing the wheel to spin ; and, when wheel-spin once starts on such occasions, it is not easy to check or to keep within bounds. It has been proved constantly in club trials and competitions that the "smooth" climb is likely to be both faster and more uniformly successful than the wild and spectacular variety. Violent skidding and spinning of the wheels wastes time, wears out tyres and transmission, and impresses no one whose opinion is worth courting.

Some judgment, therefore, is required, even if the art of juggling with refractory gear pinions is no longer an essential part of the complete motorist's education. There remains, likewise, the knack of getting comfortably round a hairpin bend—by no means so simple a matter as the beginner may imagine. Generally speaking, one should always drive round the outside of the curve, unless forced in to the left-hand side by oncoming traffic. The gradient round the outside is more gradual, and the surface usually less disturbed.

Moreover, when the road is narrow and the car a large one, there is a far better chance of getting round in one movement, without having to reverse and re-start on the bend. To "cut" the corner closely is to risk failure, for it commonly happens, if the car's steering lock is not sufficiently acute, that the outside front wheel does not clear the opposite bank.

Stopping and re-starting on such occasions is, of course, to be avoided, since, even with the modern car, a good deal of skill is then demanded. The best plan, if a re-start is unavoidable, is to keep the throttle well open, and the hand-brake hard on, while letting the clutch in very cautiously and slowly. The critical moment comes when the friction of the clutch first begins to slow down the engine "revs." Then the hand-brake must be released, and the clutch simultaneously allowed to engage fully. Despite some difficulty in driving, yet, especially at holiday time, it is well worth leaving the beaten track.



A Film Star and His Car

A Vauxhall Cadet with Gene Gerrard on the running-board, both being featured in the new British International Picture, "Help !"

"STILL drizzling—why doesn't it come down and have done with it...." It's because British weather so often dithers between drizzle and downpour that Dexters have contrived a weatherproof to fool the weather.

You can look chic and slim and graceful in a Dexter. Its smartly casual lines never cease to flatter; its feather weave and triple proofing give you absolute protection in all weathers; and if you wear fawn, you must prefer it to the soft new shades of green and blue and grey.

Dexter

As British as the Weather—but Reliable.
Priced at three guineas and upwards from specialist outfitters everywhere.

Folks Who Always Feel Tired

Should be Suspicious of Auto-Intoxication

A persistent tired feeling, accompanied by drowsiness, dull headaches, and a general lack of interest in life in general, is one of the surest signs of a state of self-poisoning. Intestines, becoming sluggish, allow the waste matter to accumulate. Putrefaction sets in, which breeds toxins that are absorbed by the blood stream and carried to every part of the body to steal your strength and vitality, lower your resistance, and make you chronically weak, tired and listless.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon rising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and the lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time! Mark the better appetite you have and strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean.

Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

Great Fosters

Egham • Surrey
(London 18 miles)

DANCING
EVERY EVENING
JACK ALLAN
and his Band

GOLF - TENNIS
SWIMMING - RIDING
ARCHERY

The Secretary will be pleased to forward Illustrated Brochure on application

ENGLAND'S UNIQUE HOTEL
Once the Home of Queen Elizabeth

"The Inspiration of Subtle Perfection"

FONTORICE VERMOUTH

To the Connoisseur, the secret of the fascinating difference between an ordinary Cocktail and perfection is

FONTORICE
FRENCH VERMOUTH

Obtainable at the leading Wine Merchants and Stores. Shipping Agents—Cock, Russell & Co., 20, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3.

AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM. (Charing Cross). Daily 12 Noon (Sundays, 6 p.m.).

EDGAR WALLACE'S MIGHTY SCREEN FANTASY

"KING KONG."

The Strangest Story ever conceived by Man.

HOTELS

Spend your holidays in the sun . . .

There's no need to go abroad. This corner of the sunny Sussex coastline enjoys record sunshine. And here at the luxurious but quiet Hotel Victoria you have a magnificent hundred-and-twenty-foot sun lounge. A hundred bedrooms and private suites to choose from. Hot and cold water to all rooms. Garages. Music. Excellent cuisine. Famous chef. Vintage wines. ***From 4½ gns. inclusive.***

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA Telephone: Hastings 869

CANFORD CLIFFS HOTEL

BOURNEMOUTH, WEST.

Ideal position in a flood of sunshine overlooking the Bay. Beautifully appointed with every modern convenience. Private Beach for Sea and Sun Bathing. Golf, Tennis, Music and Dancing. Garage for 40 Cars.

Telegrams: Salubritas, Bournemouth. *Telephone: 53 Canford Cliffs.*

HARROGATE—GRAND HOTEL

Adjacent to Baths and Wells. Modern appointments and the luxury and efficient service of a really well-run high-class hotel, on moderate terms. Finest cuisine and wines. Dinner-Dance every Saturday. Orchestra plays daily. Garage for 100 cars. Mr. F. KUNG, the Manager, will be pleased to send terms and brochure.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

HOTEL ATALA

Champs-Elysées, 10, rue Chateaubriand, Paris.

The last word in all modern conveniences, situated in the West End of Paris, yet possessing the unique charm of tranquillity allied to a pretty garden.

Tel: Balzac 01-62, 01-65. *Telegr. Addr.: OTELATAL.*

AIX-LES-BAINS

In large garden; garage; facing lake. From Fs. 70.

HOTEL ALBION.

Whitsun at LE TOUQUET

THE BRISTOL (BRITISH)

1st class; from Fs. 70 incl.

Terminus IMPERIAL AIRWAYS. OPEN ALL YEAR. APPLY FOR BOOKLET.

LE TOUQUET

SCAMPOLO & REGINA HOTEL

Latest and finest 1st class hotel facing Sea and Swimming Pool.

Apply for booklet. H. Moseco, Manager.

Knocke Zoute.—

PALACE HOTEL

On sea front. From 10/- day inclusive. Tel. address: Palace, Knocke.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

Badgastein.—AUSTRIA.

Hotel "Der Kaiserhof."—Luxury and Refinement. Finest position. Latest improvements. Prices reduced.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegr.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Heyst-sur-Mer.—Casino Davico's Hotel.—All comfort. Pension from Fs. 45, with bath Fs. 65.

Ostend.—Hotel Providence-Regina.—First class; 200 rooms. Pension and à la carte. From 11s. per day.

St. Cast (Nr. Dinard).—Celtic Hotel.—200 rms., 100 baths. On golf links, spec. rates for golfers. Facing sea. Tennis. Terms from 13s.

FRANCE.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais.—Highest-class res. hotel. Right up to date. Renowned cuisine & cellar. Phone ev. rm. V.lge. garden.

Juan-les-Pins (A.M.)—Le Pin Dore.—100 rms., 70 bths. Incl. fr. Fs. 50. Open all year. 1st cl.; new mgmnt. (lt. Ritz & Troc., Ldn.).

Juan-les-Pins.—"Les Ambassadeurs."—Open 1932; facing beach & casino. Every room with balcony, bath, 'phone.

Le Touquet.—The Carlton.—Facing sea. Terms from Fs. 60. Branch House: The Carlton, Beaulieu (Riviera).

Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—Newest first-class family Hotel of distinction. Greatest comfort at moderate terms. 200 rooms.

Rouen (S.I.)—Hotel de la Poste.—The best hotel for tourists with restaurant "Le Relais Fleuri." Same mngmnt.: Hotel Royal, Paris.

Versailles.—Le Home Versaillais, 58, rue du Maréchal Foch. Rooms. Studios. Furnished flats. 1st class appointmt. Very mod. rates.

Black Forest.—GERMANY.

Freiburg.—Hotel Freiburger Hof.—Central location. Md. House. 130 bds., 25 bathrms. 5 o'clock tea. Even. Orchestra. Lift. Grge. Trout fishing. Moderate rates.

Wiesbaden.—GERMANY.

Hotel Metropole - Monopole.—On the famous William Street. First class. Very moderate prices. Pension from RM.9.—up.

Hotel Nassauer Hof.—The most up-to-date Htl. Thermal wt. in every priv. bth-rm. Gar. Phone: 59761. Cable-Address "Nassautel."

GERMANY—(*continued*).

The Palace Hotel.—One of the finest and most up-to-date cure hotels on Continent with all medicinal baths. Latest comfort. Pension from 10 Mks.

Hotel Rose.—Leading Hotel for English and Americans. Thermal baths in the Hotel rooms from 5 Mks. Pension from 11 Mks.

Schwarzer Bock.—The best renowned hotel and bath house, Kochbrunnen. 280 beds. All comfort. Pension Mk.9.—up.

Baden-Baden.—Bad-Hotel "Zum Hirsch."—150 beds. All comfort. Rooms with priv. thermal baths. Pension Mk.: 9—up.

Bad Homburg.—Ritter's Park Hotel.—Mineral baths, sunbaths in the hotel. Patronised by H.M. King Edward VII. Pension from 9 Marks.

Bad Schwalbach/Taunus.—Staatliches Kurhotel.—Every rm. with priv. toilette & balcony. Beautiful sit. Terms from RM. 11.

Dresden (Saxony)—**The Bellevue Hotel.**—Beautifully situated on the River Elbe. Large Garden. Every Comfort. Garage.

PARIS.

Hotel Gibraltar, 35, rue Surene. Close to the Madeleine Church. Modern building. Rooms 30 to 60 Frs. Inclusive 50 to 60 Frs. English speaking staff.

Hotel Lutetia.—The best hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort Tea and Dinner Concerts.

Royal Hotel,—33, Avenue Friedland. Champs-Elysées quarter. All comfort. Same management: Hotel de la Poste, Rouen.

MONACO (Principality).

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Terminus Palace.—Opp. casino Gdns., Beach. 1st cl. Pens. fr. Frs. 50. with bath Frs. 65. Suite Frs. 80.

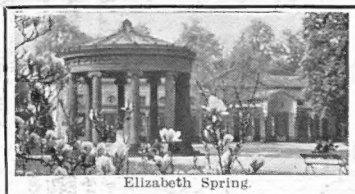
SWITZERLAND.

Geneva.—The Beau Rivage.—Finest pos. on Lake, facing Mt. Blanc. Mdn. cmft. Splen. ter. open air res. Prcs. rd. Rms. fm. Sw. Fr. 7.

Geneva.—Hotel de la Paix.—On the lake facing Mont Blanc. Close to pier. Nr. station. Latest comfort. Quiet rooms from S. Frs. 6.

Geneva.—Hotel Richemond. First class fam. hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from 7 Frs.

Gland, near Geneva.—La Ligniere.—Splendidly situated in own private park and beach by the side of Lake Geneva. Ideal for rest.



Elizabeth Spring.

BAD HOMBURG

(near Frankfort on Main)

The Spa for Obesity and Digestive troubles. The resort of King Edward VII. Prospectus from Kur-Actien-Ges., Bad Homburg.

LE ZOUTE (BELGIUM)

Golf on perfect seaside courses at approximately £1 a week. Tennis on hard courts at 10s.

RIDING, FLYING AND BATHING

Full information may be obtained from the Secretary of the Royal Knocke Golf Club, or from the proprietors of the following hotels, where every modern comfort may be obtained at the most reasonable rates:

THE SIX LEADING HOTELS:

HOTEL DE LA BRISE — THE LINKS HOTEL
CARLTON HOTEL — MEMLINC HOTEL
THE GOLF HOTEL — ST. GEORGE'S PALACE

Let ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Help You When You Go to PARIS and BERLIN.

The Illustrated Newspapers Reading Room in Paris.

AT the Paris Offices of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE SPHERE," "THE SKETCH," "THE TATLER," "THE BYSTANDER," "BRITANNIA AND EVE," "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 and 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at Berlin, 32, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

Our Advertisement Agents for France, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy are the Agence Dorland, who should be addressed at 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris, VIII^e, and at 32, Kurfürstendamm, Berlin, W.15, regarding German business.

"The woman raised no objection to the marriage being performed under Hebrew ritual, but she kept steadfastly to her own religion. As soon as she became the wife of the mighty Anileus, she brought out all the idols that she had hidden with her, according to Parthian custom, and, without paying any attention to the growing hostility of everyone, feeling perfectly confident in the tolerance of her husband, she performed regularly all the ceremonies required by her religion.

But the discontent amongst all Anileus's followers increased day by day like the menacing approach of a storm.

The Rabbis were besieged by crowds who dared not face Anileus; the high officers were the objects of constant protest and insistence that something must be done.

In the meantime, Anileus considered himself the happiest man in the world. The fire of his love had melted into tenderness the grief-frozen heart of his beautiful wife. For him, nothing in the world had the power to spoil a honeymoon which would last till death.

Man, in his blind efforts to improve his existence, invented civilisation—and has only succeeded in becoming the slave of his own laws! The respect for certain dominant rights of Nature remains only to the wild beast.

An extremely painful position arose as time passed. The fact that the beautiful woman was looked upon as a stranger and an intruder was, for Anileus, a thorn in his heart. As a lover, he could not understand how there could be anyone who did not fall at her feet. After all, she was not doing any harm to anyone by adoring little images and idols called Militta, Istar, Assur, Irkalla, Ninkigall, or anything else.

The efforts of the Jews were redoubled, and the best friends of Anileus tried hard to raise the age-old cry of the Jew and to persuade him to set aside the infidel. Those who had been tactful were accused of showing weakness, until, at last, a man of mature age, whose advice had been highly esteemed by Anileus, thought that, with a little more energy, he would surely succeed . . ."

In "STRANGE CHAPTERS IN HISTORY," by F. Matania, R.I.

"The gipsy was a young woman of not more than twenty, but she appeared at least ten years older. She would have seemed handsome had she been less sullen. She was as tawny as a tigress, with coal-black hair that hung in snaky locks about her face and brilliant, oblique, wicked eyes. She wore baggy Turkish trousers of raspberry-pink, a yellow sash, and a ragged Roumanian bodice that left her bosom half-naked. She wore silver rings on all her fingers, gold coins in her ears, and gilt anklets. She was barbaric, insolent, and gaunt. She cared for no one, and submitted to no laws, not even to those laws imposed by the chief of her tribe. Whenever she quarrelled with him, which was often, she tramped away from the Bear People to Braila or Kustendje or Galatz or Jassy, and remained away sometimes for many months. No one knew what she did or how she lived during these periods, but it was considered probable that on more than one occasion she had found herself in gaol.

When she wished she was expert both at telling fortunes and at dancing the wild, wicked, leaping *tanana* of the Roumanian gipsy people, but if she did not feel inclined for sorcery or for dancing she would remain obstinately idle. Therefore she was more often poor than prosperous.

But every day she told her own fortune.

Squatting before the fire, absorbed, reflective, she now considered the King of Spades. He had appeared during the last few days with a strange significance in her *dukkeripen*, or fortune, and she had as yet no idea what part he was destined to play in her life. That he was a lover seemed improbable. A lover was usually represented by the King of Hearts. No. The King of Spades, she thought resentfully, was far more likely to appear to her in the guise of a spying, insolent policeman, or some revengeful farmer, determined to punish her for having filched away his wife's savings.

'What do I care?' she thought, but her ill humour increased, and she spat at the image of the King of Spades."

In "TAMAR." A strange story of a gipsy girl and the Prince of Darkness—by Lady Eleanor Smith.

See THIS Magazine once and you'll never want to miss it

"ALL QUIET ON THE CRIME FRONT" *by C. Patrick Thompson*
"A UNCOMMON STUPID DOG" *by Dorothy Cottrell*
"A GALLERY OF WOMEN: No. 1— MADELEINE CARROLL IN THREE ACTS" *by James Wedgwood Drawbell*
THE "MILD MAN" WHO BUILT A BUSINESS ON "BONES" *by Joan Woollcombe*
"UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE" *by Lady Troubridge*
"INTERNATIONAL LEG-THEORY" *by Ferdinand Tuohy*
"TAMAR" *by Lady Eleanor Smith*
"DANCE MARATHON" *by Valentine Williams*
"LORDLING" *by J. A. Steel*
"THE SUMMER FIREPLACE" *by Winifred Lewis*
SOLVING THE PRESENT PROBLEM
THE HOME OF TWO WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE
"CHOOSING CARPETS AND RUGS" *by Winifred Lewis*
"SOW'S EAR" *by F. E. Verney*
"A GIRL OF THE PERIOD" *by Alan Bott*
"THE SPRINGTIME OF LOVELINESS" *by "Chrysis"*
SUMMER STYLES
ACCESSORIES FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY WEAR
PATTERNS FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER
"THE WORLD'S LOVER SMILES" *by Hannen Swaffer*
BOOKS: *Reviewed by Arnold Palmer*
"A SCREEN LEAGUE OF NATIONS" *by Sydney Tremayne*
"TO-MORROW'S SERVANT" *by Baseden Butt*
"LINEN FOR THE BRIDE" *by Anne Blythe*
"MADAM, DID YOU KNOW?" *by J. M. Bainbridge, M.Sc.*
WHAT I HAVE BOUGHT THIS MONTH
"TWINS" *by Len Chaloner*
A TENNIS JUMPER
SOMETHING NEW IN WAFFLES
"EARLY SUMMER SWEETS" *by A. H. Adair*
THE MOTORING SECTION: *Conducted by The Earl of Cardigan*
THE CHILDREN'S SALON

All this — and more — in the MAY issue of

BRITANNIA AND EVE